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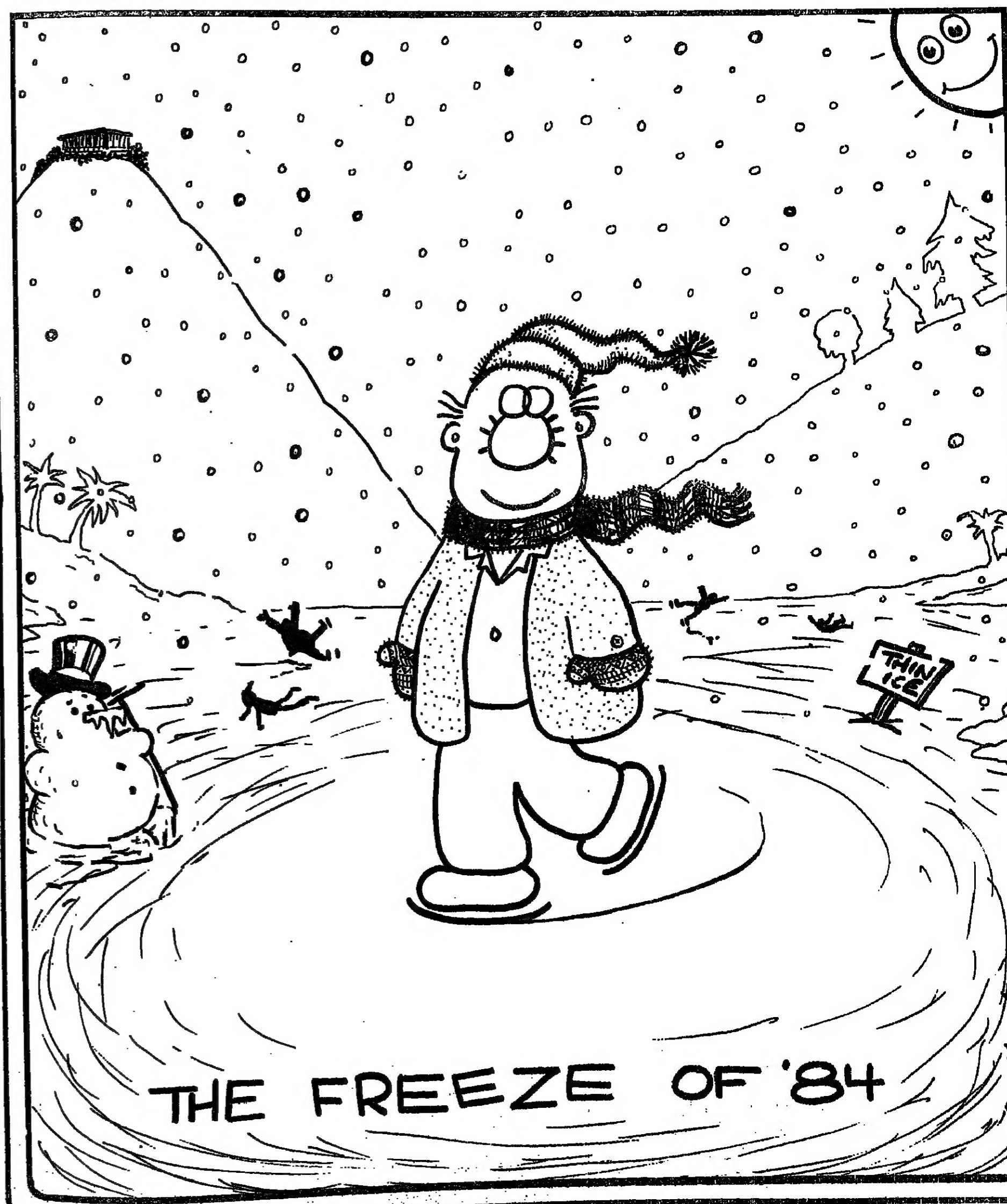
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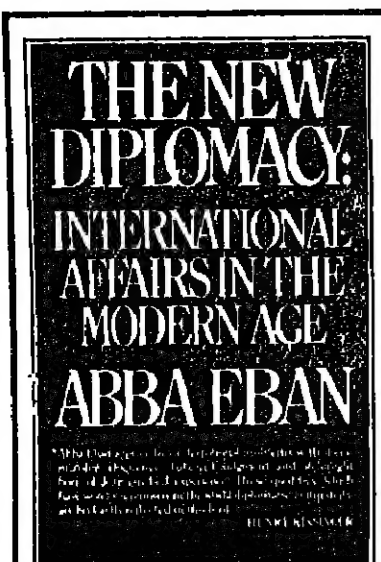
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, November 9, 1984

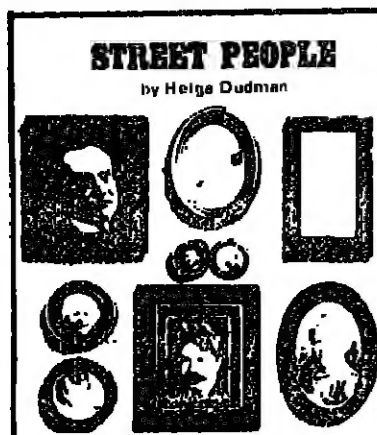


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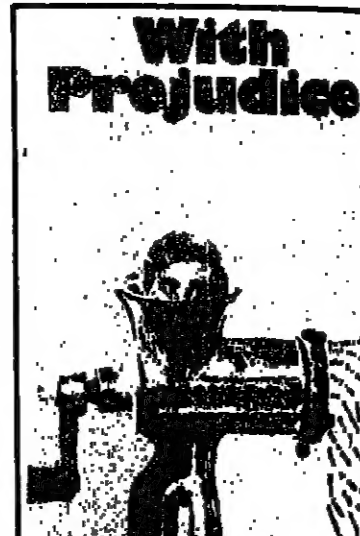
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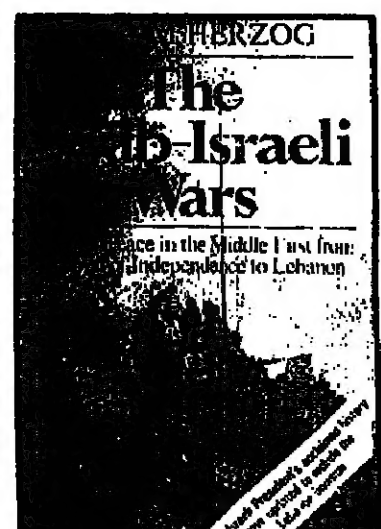
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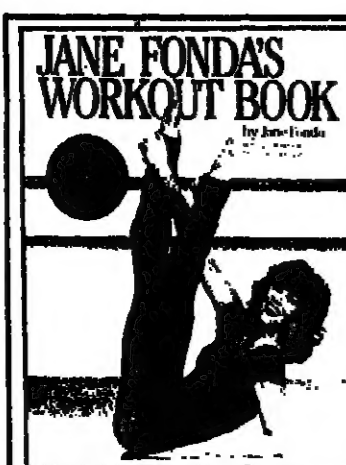
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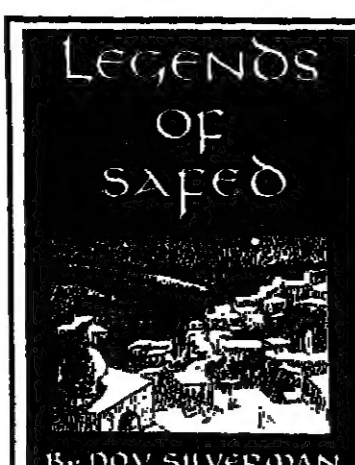
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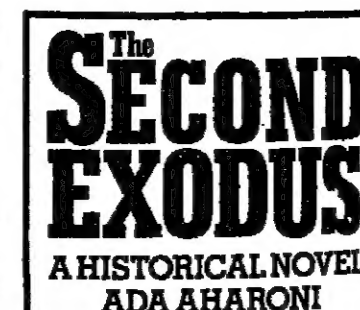
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1984

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THE FREEZE OF '84
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1984

PAGE THREE

EARLIER this year, during the course of the Knesset election campaign, the Histadrut issued a snappy little brochure entitled *Programme for Economic Deliberations*. It was an ambitious effort that called for joint (government, Histadrut, employers and Bank of Israel) deliberations on a wide range of economic issues, from prices and incomes to taxation, productivity and the state budget.

The prices and wage freeze that went into effect this week did not answer all the requirements of the Histadrut's programme. Histadrut officials say that it was not intended to; government and labour federation leaders have stressed repeatedly that the freeze is only the first in a series of steps to restore the economy to equilibrium. From the Histadrut's point of view, the establishment three weeks ago of a permanent deliberative body — the tripartite economic council — is of far greater long-term significance.

Nevertheless, we now have a freeze, and it is going to mean a lot of pain for a lot of people — not least the salaried workers. According to estimates quoted by Histadrut leaders, real wages were eroded by at least 20 per cent in the three months preceding the freeze. Estimates of erosion during the three months of the freeze range from 5 to 20 per cent. At best, that amounts to a 25 per cent slash in real wages within six months.

Israeli workers do not take kindly

Wrapping it up

The making of the package deal and Yisrael Kessar's special role are described by ROY ISACOWITZ.

to having their pockets plundered. A labour force that was up in arms only five months ago over delays in the signing of work agreements could surely be expected to take to the streets over their latest misfortune. That they have not done so is testimony to the leadership and reputation of one man — Histadrut Secretary-General Yisrael Kessar.

BY ALL accounts, Kessar has played it like a master. The most commonly heard comment in labour circles these days is: "[Former secretary-general Yehoshua] Meshel would never have pulled it off." Yet Kessar, after only seven months in the Histadrut hot seat, carried it off with élan. The Histadrut has demonstrated its civic responsibility by signing the package deal, while at the same time preserving its independence from a semi-labour government. Kessar has made significant concessions in the name of the workers, while giving the distinct impression that it would be unwise for anyone to think of tangling with organized labour.

Kessar's achievement is all the more remarkable in light of the tremendous political pressures bearing on him from all sides. As a Labour Party Knesset member, he is expected to toe the party line to a reasonable extent; yet he was placed in an untenable position by the government's adoption of a neo-liberal (some say "anti-worker") economic policy. At the same time, with Histadrut elections due early next year, it is in his interests to appear as independent of the government as possible.

With the Histadrut elections firmly in mind, the Likud faction in the labour federation has attempted to overtake Kessar on the populist left. Side-stepping the Likud's role in the government by terming it the "Peres government," the Likud faction has tried to portray Kessar as a lackey of economic interests, due to his chairmanship of the Hevrat Ha'Ovdin economic empire. So, with the government flanking him on the right, and the Likud, ironically, trying to sneak around the left, Kessar has had little room for manoeuvre.

KESSAR withstood former finance minister Yigal Cohen-Orad's demands for a package deal during the Knesset election campaign, arguing that there would be no point in signing an agreement with a lame-duck government. But Cohen-Orad's accusations that the Histadrut refusal was responsible for the deterioration of the economy — accusations that grew more frantic each time another dismal statistic of economic mis-performance was released — hit home.

The impression of the Histadrut as an obstacle to economic recovery took root, and Kessar was compelled to agree to sit down with Cohen-Orad for a general discussion. The next day, the finance minister announced that he would not revise tax brackets, an apallingly mis-timed move that wiped out the public credit he had previously accumulated. The brackets were eventually revised, after the Histadrut and its labour council network threatened to shut down the economy, but there was no resuming the talks.

A few days before the election, Kessar began treading the narrow line between party and Histadrut, when he delivered a brilliant speech at the Labour Party political bureau. The gist of the speech was that he would hold the party to its professed leadership of the labour movement. If the Labour Party operated in the interests of the workers, Kessar intimated, it would find a willing sup-

porter in himself and the vast organization under his command. If, however, the party acted against labour interests, he would see his first allegiance to the workers.

Kessar's fears were soon realized. Labour handed all the major economic portfolios to the Likud during the horse-trading that preceded the establishment of the national unity government, and, once in power, quickly adopted the economic plan bequeathed to it by Cohen-Orad. As the weeks passed, Kessar grew increasingly critical of the government's fumbling economic performance.

He criticized the government for failing to come up with a credible economic programme; for announcing hasty measures and then withdrawing them when their true impact became clear, for imposing new taxes instead of implementing budget cuts. Kessar returned to the principles of the *Deliberations* brochure. The Histadrut, he said, would insist that any economic plan distribute the economic burden fairly, provide guarantees in the case of failure, and include measures to prevent a rise in unemployment.

ONCE AGAIN, accusing fingers in the Treasury were pointed at the Histadrut as the obstacle to economic recovery. This time, Kessar was prepared. He commissioned former Bank of Israel governors Moshe Sanbar and Amnon Gafni to prepare

the Histadrut's proposals for economic recovery, in tandem with the plan they were drawing up for the government at Prime Minister Shimon Peres's request. The Sanbar-Gafni proposals were reworked by the Histadrut central committee to provide them with the necessary worker consciousness and were then presented to the Histadrut executive for approval.

At a meeting of the Histadrut Alignment faction two days before the executive met, Kessar demolished several labour-socialist idols. "The time has come to stop hiding behind slogans," he said. "Drastic economic measures would have to be taken and they would of necessity be detrimental to the workers. In particular, Kessar said, the workers would have to accept a lowered standard of living and the possibility of increased unemployment. The payoff would be a general lowering of the country's standard of living, and not only that of the workers, and a government commitment to mitigate the expected unemployment through worker retraining programmes.

Kessar's pragmatism won plaudits from many Alignment faction members, but it did not go down too well in Ashdod, where the representatives of several radical works committees in the south gathered to issue a thinly-veiled warning that the Histadrut could not expect their support if it compromised with the govern-

ment. Among the rebels were Yehoshua Peretz, brilliant leader of the Ashdod port workers, and other former leaders of the "Big 13" works committees.

Kessar met the challenge head-on. He convened a meeting of trade union and labour council heads in Tel Aviv, outlined the Histadrut's demands and the areas in which it was prepared to make concessions, and demanded — and won — their support. He then went down to Ashdod, gathered all the potential rebels around him, and demanded a show of support. He got it by acclaim, with Peretz and colleagues swearing that they would follow him into the streets or wherever else he cared to lead them.

A similar mass gathering was held in Kiryat Shmona, where Kessar won the support of the workers in the north of the country, and in Netanya, where central committee members Nahum Fassa and Aliza Tamir carried the message to workers in the central region. After a few days of hard travelling and harder talking, Kessar could rightfully claim to have his own constituency pretty much sewn up.

THE GOVERNMENT's package deal plan, when it was finally unveiled, came as a shock to the Histadrut. Labour federation leaders genuinely expected that the time-sharing arrangement with Sanbar and Gafni would produce a govern-



Yisrael Kessar

ment plan roughly similar to the Histadrut's proposals. But apparently the former governors had not informed the government nor the Histadrut of the unpleasant aspects of the other's plan.

The six-person Histadrut delegation to the economic council flatly rejected the government's plan. Saying that he was "unable to sleep at night" due to his concern about the economic situation, Kessar wondered who was formulating the country's economic policy. The government's about-turn was "driving the country mad," he said. Describing the plan as unworkable and unfair, he asked: "Why don't the independents pay? What is Savyon paying?"

That session ended in dishar-

mony, with each side promising to rethink its position. The next evening, during an informal meeting of work teams representing the government, Histadrut and the manufacturers, the labour federation presented its own package-deal proposals. They encompassed a one-third reduction in the cost of living increment to be paid in December, in return for a levy on independents (thus distributing the burden fairly), and a commitment that the work agreements remained inviolate (thus providing guarantees in case the freeze was unsuccessful).

The three sides met intensively over the next eight days. The most interesting development during that period was the informal alliance formed between the Histadrut and the manufacturers, concerning interest rates and credit. The Histadrut, being the country's second largest employer, after the government, had little difficulty in agreeing with the manufacturers that industry could not continue to function under the prevailing rates of credit. Suddenly, interest rates became the main bone of contention.

THE AGREEMENT that was finally signed last Friday reflected the Histadrut's concerns. The independents would be taxed (though the method has still to be decided), the work agreements would remain in force, and interest rates would be lowered. In return, the Histadrut

accepted a one-third reduction in the cost of living increment (but not exceeding 5 per cent) for the second month of the freeze.

It was a personal triumph for Kessar. The unions and the labour councils have lined up obediently behind him, despite the substantial inroads in their wages that will result from the accord. He showed that he was capable of standing up to the government's blandishments and getting his way. Above all, he has created the impression of a Histadrut leadership as independent of the national unity government as it was of its Likud predecessors.

Of course, he was helped by the bungling of the government and the Treasury, which provided him with openings all along the way. Their most recent contribution to Kessar's reputation was the ill-advised attempt to slip subsidized goods out of the agreement. Kessar stood his ground, the Treasury gave way, and the wily secretary-general's stature was further boosted. It was almost too easy.

Things could still go wrong for Kessar and the Histadrut. There is no guarantee that the package deal won't collapse and that the workers won't be left with reduced wages and sky-rocketing prices. Much could still happen in the five months left before the Histadrut elections. But, in the meantime, Yisrael Kessar appears to have the workers firmly on his side. □

HYPER-INFLATION, as Israel has suffered, is not something new in the history of man. But it was halted in the past by more drastic methods.

Prof. Nahum Gross, of the Hebrew University, explains that in other times the damage inflicted on human welfare by the disease of inflation was greater by far. Israel has utilized a device to shelter its people from the devastating impact of monetary chaos; which is a good thing.

However, this protection makes Israelis complacent and they shy away from radical measures; which may not be so good.

The Israeli device is called linkage (to the price-index or the dollar). When inflation took hold in Germany after World War I, whole sectors of society were reduced to poverty. Blue-collar workers were unionized and so enjoyed partial immunity — though they had to collect their pay in suitcases.

White-collar workers had no safeguard at all and their purchasing power was completely eroded. They often could not afford to buy all the bread and coal they needed, even though both these commodities were subsidized.

City-dwellers roamed the countryside, bartering their household possessions — jewelry, paintings, articles of furniture — in exchange for food. The farmers did well because they were basically self-sufficient (food is imperative, other articles of consumption can wait for better times).

All sectors in Germany dependent on fixed incomes (which were unlinked) found themselves ruined. Endowments of universities and research institutes were reduced to nothing. People with small amounts of savings found them wiped out.

Political upheaval threatened — in Bavaria, Saxony. To avoid collapse the government gave dictatorial powers in economic affairs to the legendary Hjalmar Schacht. He did what economists keep telling the Israeli authorities to do, only he carried it to extremes — cutting budgets and credit to the point of causing massive unemployment. It was a cruel programme, but it worked.

The disease of inflation

DAVID KRIVINE puts our plight into perspective



Changing price labels in a shop window.

WHO CAUSES inflation? Governments, always. Sometimes they do it unintentionally. Alexander the Great captured the Persians' gold board. All that money (120,000 talents, a lot in those days) inflated prices back home.

Mostly rulers speculate. They like to spend, it makes them popular; but they are less fond of hiking taxes, because that makes them distinctly unpopular. So they resorted to clipping the coins. The precious metal saved enabled them to mint more money.

Or they would debase the coinage by adulterating the alloy. Nero started that game in ancient Rome. By 270 CE, silver pieces contained only 2 per cent of silver.

In the 13th century, China introduced paper currency, which opened a new possibility — the printing-

press. John Law created a bank in France at the beginning of the 18th century and issued his own notes. If the money had been channelled to production all might have been well.

It was used instead (through the sale of shares in a phoney company) to feed the expenditures of the Bourbon government. The result was as might be expected: boom followed by bust.

After destroying the French monarchy in 1789, the new revolutionary regime printed "assignats," a form of paper money — but in such quantities they were obliged later to replace them with "mandats" (one mandat for 30 assignats). That didn't tame inflation either.

Napoleon was wiser, he stuck to the rules of sound budgeting. It meant for example pigeon-holing

plans to invade Ireland. When the English scuttled his fleet at Trafalgar, he didn't rebuild it. (Should Israel build the Lavit?)

The French Emperor continued his victorious campaigns right up to his final defeat in 1815. He would not have lasted that long had inflation taken hold.

ISRAEL is trying something new, which might be called disinflation *de luxe*. The harsh traditional methods aren't acceptable, the Histadrut will not tolerate a sizeable cut in the people's living standards. Nor will the country put up with unemployment.

Jews came to Israel to be redeemed, one can't throw them on the streets — the Ata workers are making that crystal clear. If the cabinet is debarred from creating unemployment it cannot cut the state budget. The whole purpose of budgetary economics is to transfer surplus labour from services to production.

The process has two phases. First, 100,000 civil servants are made redundant. Second, an equivalent number of persons are absorbed in the growth industries.

There is a time lag between the two phases which the persons affected find distasteful. The phase of unemployment comes first; finding an alternative occupation is a pious hope. Nor is it sure that the dismissed employees and those recruited (in the course of time) by industry will be the same.

Not every 40- and 50-year-old worker shed by the government is sure to find a niche elsewhere. The resistance to eliminating budget-financed activities is therefore tremendous.

Not surprisingly countries enmeshed in inflation have needed in the past the firm hand of a dictator. Dr. Schacht, of Germany, stopped printing money. Civil servants were fired, and the wages of those still in office slashed.

According to Prof. Gross, Germany's productivity rose. Railway staff was cut; yet the trains continued to run on time, suggesting there had been a measure of concealed unem-

ployment. People were made to work harder. The eight-hour day, which had recently been adopted, was jettisoned in favour of a nine-hour day.

Israel has changed its regime likewise, instituting a government of national unity. But that is proving no more capable than previous elected governments in Israel at making the nation swallow bitter pills.

YET DOES IT need to? First of all, Israel's inflation is not quite as bad as it seems. Its magnification to exaggerated proportions has psychological causes. Under normal conditions suppliers refrain from raising prices because they fear their sales will drop.

This does not happen in Israel. Whenever prices go up, wages and the value of financial assets go up with them, so that purchasing power is never eroded. Pushing up prices becomes a no-risk game, which everybody indulges in.

The package deal should momentarily halt this price-gouging race, making it possible to tackle the underlying cause of inflation at greater leisure. There is another less drastic, more peaceable way of reducing employment in the public service: let it shrink through the natural process of aging.

Every year 20,000 government officials retire (including policemen, schoolteachers, social workers). Don't replace them. The freeze does not have to last more than five years. Once 100,000 *pekidim* have gone, normal recruiting can be resumed.

This system is, of course, thoroughly inefficient. Reducing the workforce should be done selectively. The government ought to cut inessential activities, whereas retirements-through-aging are across the board. All departments remain, some with surplus employees, others short of manpower. All are starved of new blood.

The solution is to transfer staff within the service from one department to another, with the aid of retraining programmes where necessary. The Civil Servants Union might be brought in to accept this in return for the freeze on intakes.

A still more serious objection to the attrition system is that it takes so long. Always in the past hyperinflation has been eradicated in one fell swoop. Under the go-slow system which the Israeli administration seems to be adopting, it should take three-five years. Can the country survive, such a prolonged ordeal without the economy cracking up?

Well, what does cracking up mean? The country runs out of foreign currency. Production collapses for lack of imported fuel and raw materials. Factories expel staff as earnings drop.

IT IS possible to avoid this deterioration — if the government manages to lay its hands on a supply of foreign currency (like the gold and silver that the Spaniards found in South America during the 16th century) to plug the gap.

It seems that Shimon Peres's government is doing just that. The U.S. government is prepared to grant more aid if the purpose is economic recovery; and so, it seems are the Jewish people abroad. It happens that the Peres government does have a plan of painless economic recovery. Being painless it will take a long time, but if Israel's friends and allies overseas are ready to foot the bill there is no undue hurry.

This gradualist system is indecisive, unimpressive and weak-kneed. But it will avoid social unrest. People will complain, they will deplore the government's weakness and lack of guts. But they won't burn cars in the street. The demagogic worker-representatives meeting in Ashdod will forfeit the chance of fomenting civil disorder. Soldiers on military service will retain their peace of mind, they will be free of the dread that there is no job waiting for them back home.

If the Peres-Moda-Kessar coalition agree at least to keep the lid down on government expenditure so that the deflationary pressure is maintained (and signs of recession are already felt), Israel may be the first country in history with a four-figure inflation to restore financial stability — without causing undue hardship to anyone in particular.

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IT IS EASY to dismiss last week's "twin cities" agreement between the West Bank settlement of Ariel and Bisho, capital of the South African homeland Ciskei, as dismal and grotesque.

The agreement was signed in a cramped Ariel classroom by Ciskeian President Lennox Sebe and Ariel's Mayor Ya'acov Fattelson. It provided for tourism and cultural, industrial and scientific exchanges between two towns-in-the-making which have neither culture, science nor industry to offer. It is the rare tourist who would fly some 9,000 kilometres to spend his vacation in Ariel — or in Bisho, for that matter.

The pathetic presumption of the agreement was compounded by the hyperbole of the speeches that followed its signing. The Israeli speakers, among whom were Likud Knesset Members Yoram Aridor, Haim Kaufman and Michael Dekel, spoke in terms of Israeli-Ciskeian brotherhood and a common struggle against a cruel world of double standards.

Sebe, a former deputy inspector of Bantu (black) education who has taken to sporting the honorific "Dr.," far outstripped the Israelis when it came to bathos. The occasion, he said, was "almost too precious to be scarred by words... almost too glorious for ordinary men."

Implicitly comparing the travails of Ciskei with the Holocaust, he said that, like Jews, "the people of the republic of Ciskei were persecuted [sic] and oppressed and were the victims of atrocities of other people that called themselves human."

The basic message of all the speeches was that the twinning of Ariel (a settlement of some 700 families) and Bisho (a built-from-scratch capital with some 5,000 residents) was a mighty blow for freedom; that Africa's premier symbol of man's yearning to be free and independent had finally found a soul mate in the rocky Samarian hills.

ALL THAT could be dismissed as merely bizarre, were it not for the fact that an increasing number of Israelis are gleefully cosying up to what is fast becoming one of Africa's more tyrannical and brutal regimes. In the three years since he accepted "independence" from South Africa, President-for-life Sebe has imposed a reign of terror on his people that has left even his apartheid mentors aghast.

First, the Israeli connection. In August 1982, the Ciskei Trade Mission in Israel was opened by Yosef Schneider, an immigrant from the Soviet Union, and Nat Rosenwasser, a U.S. immigrant and Herut activist. Describing themselves as "employees of the Ciskei Foreign Ministry," Schneider and Rosenwasser channel Israeli aid and investment to the impoverished homeland. Their efforts have been highly successful. Some 10 Israeli-owned factories are currently in various stages of construction, ranging from textiles and underwear to vintage cars, toys and pharmaceuticals.

Among the Israeli investors in the Ciskei are former finance minister Aridor, Ephraim ("Froika") Poran, a reserve brigadier-general and former military secretary to premiers Yitzhak Rabin and Menachem Begin, and at least two other Knesset members.

Investment is not the only area that has attracted Israelis. Israeli doctors are working in Ciskei hospitals, an Israeli-run (though Swiss- and UK-registered) company, Gur Construction, has contracted to build two hospitals, and Israeli companies, some of which have state financing, are running educational and agricultural development programmes.



Lennox Sebe greets Ciskei student pilots at Herzliya airfield last week. The 13 men have been here for a year and according to Ciskei officials are learning to fly crop-spraying planes. But the owner of the school is also known as a supplier of military equipment and is under indictment in the U.S. for his Ciskei links.

Twinning with a tyrant

The government is turning a blind eye to business and arms links with the brutal regime of Lennox Sebe in Ciskei. ROY ISACOWITZ surveys the connection and its moral and practical implications.



Sebe is shown around Ariel by Mayor Ya'acov Fattelson after last week's twinning ceremony, which provided for cultural, industrial, scientific and tourist links between the West Bank township and Bisho, the capital of Ciskei, which has a population of 5,000. Many Israelis are trying to make a fast buck there.

The Israel government does not recognize Ciskei and has adopted a public policy of benign neglect. Sebe and other Ciskeian officials enter Israel on South African travel documents, and the Trade Mission operates unhindered — there being no way that Israel can prevent its citizens from conducting their private business. Foreign Ministry officials maintain.

Israeli and Ciskeian officials veh-

mentally deny periodic reports in the foreign press that Ciskei is being given arms and military know-how by Israel (or possibly Israelis). Yet the reports persist. A group of Ciskeian pilots is currently being trained at the Dror flying school in Herzliya — for crop spraying purposes, according to Dror and Ciskei officials. Dror is owned by Israeli businessman Ira Curtis, who is described in the *Dun and Bradstreet*

Gazette as a supplier of aerospace, military and marine equipment. Curtis sold a Westwind jet to Sebe several years ago, and is reportedly involved in the construction of a new airport at Bisho. He has been indicted in the U.S. for attempting to smuggle light planes to Ciskei under false pretences.

NO LESS a figure than Sebe's former security adviser has spoken

openly about the arms link. In an interview with the *Johannesburg Star* last January, Major-General Tailfeur Minnaar, formerly of the South African Defence Forces, said that he had accompanied Sebe to Israel in 1982 "to buy arms for the Ciskei government." Sebe cut the trip short after hearing that his brother Charles, the commander-general of State Security, was about to overthrow him.

Charles is now serving a 12-year prison term, along with another brother, and Minnaar is back in South Africa, after having been held in solitary confinement and in a mental hospital on suspicion of having been party to the alleged plot.

The Israeli network in Ciskei is becoming increasingly intricate, as can be seen from the visits to the homeland by Ruth Dayan on behalf of an international organization, and from the presence at last week's twinning ceremony of a prominent Israeli private arms dealer, who was referred to by Sebe as "my friend." Schneider and Rosenwasser are happy to talk about toy and textile factories, but they and the other Israelis involved keep a discreet silence when it comes to the other spheres of cooperation.

Their silence would be understandable if it were prompted by embarrassment at the appalling civil rights record of the Sebe regime. Though the bombastic speeches last week make that unlikely, it is nevertheless instructive to dwell on the treatment meted out by Sebe to his people, Ariel's "brothers in spirit and soul," as he described them.

In its 1984 report, issued two weeks ago, the worldwide human rights organization Amnesty International speaks of "particularly serious allegations of torture" and widespread detentions in the Ciskei. In particular, Amnesty mentions the roundups that followed the launching of a bus boycott in Mdantsane in July 1983 and the incarceration of those detained in the Sisa Dukashe sports stadium, where "many were allegedly assaulted severely by Ciskei security personnel or people assisting them."

Amnesty's careful and plodding prose covers a multitude of horrors. It does not deal with — and nor is there space here to deal with — the coercive apartheid policies that gave birth to Ciskei. Suffice it to note here that, in terms of the Status of Ciskei Act of 1981, a statutorily defined group of people with linguistic, ethnic or cultural links with the Ciskei — although most had never lived there — were stripped of their South African citizenship and given the status of aliens in South Africa. An estimated 350,000 people, almost one-half of Ciskei's population, were forcibly removed from South Africa and settled in the homeland.

SEBE'S TALK of the Ciskeian "burning desire for independence" is contradicted by the report of the Quail Commission of inquiry, which was established by the Ciskeians themselves to investigate the feasibility of independence. The commission reported; *inter alia*, that the majority of Ciskeians did not favour independence for the territory. Some 90 per cent of the Xhosa speakers (who make up the dominant tribe) favoured adult suffrage in a unitary political system in South Africa, the commission found.

Sebe ignored the commission's report. Rather than seeking universal suffrage in a unified South Africa, Ciskeians are today ruled by a president-for-life, wielding unchecked political power without parliamentary opposition. He is aided in his endeavours by an impressive array of security legislation, the po-

ronage of his Ciskei National Independence Party (CNIP), and an army of CNIP vigilantes known as the Green Berets.

The Quail Commission reported widespread malnutrition in the Ciskei. According to its report, half the children between the ages of two and three suffer from malnutrition and related diseases, and the infant mortality rate is as high as 50 per cent in certain areas.

Nevertheless, Sebe has seen fit to build a show-piece capital at Bisho, with palatial mansions for himself and his ministers and plans for a luxury casino. The president-for-life has a taste for titles, travel and expensive cars, having reportedly acquired a Daimler in addition to his Mercedes Benz and BMW. Howev-



Sebe arrived on a previous visit to Israel with a troupe of dancing girls. On the left is his Israeli representative, Yosef Schneider.

er, his ardour for nepotism may have cooled after the alleged coup attempt by Charles, another brother and several other family members.

Ciskei's major growth industry is the security apparatus, which received a 250 per cent budget increase between 1981 and 1983. In the 1982-1983 budget, the Department of State Security received almost two-thirds of the funds allocated to Finance and Economic Development. That, in a country that is surrounded by South Africa and has no conceivable enemies — except its own people.

ISRAELIS investing in the Ciskei may wish to reflect on Sebe's treatment of trade unionists. The only recognized collective bargaining body in the Ciskei is the plant-based works committee or the liaison committee; there is no minimum wage, and strikes and encouragement to strike are prohibited.

Sebe has embarked on an attack against trade unionists, rightly seeing them as a central focus of opposition for a populace denied the democratic processes. Accurate figures for the arrests of trade unionists are difficult to come by, though the figure for September 1981 — when 205 unionists were detained — gives some indication of the scale of the crackdown.

South African Allied Workers' Union president Thozamila Gqweta is a perennial favourite of the Ciskeian and South African security police, having been detained seven or eight times without ever being charged or convicted (I have been unable to ascertain his present circumstances). In 1982, his mother and uncle were burnt to death, after the doors of their house had allegedly been wired shot from the outside.

At the funeral, Gqweta's girlfriend Dilawa Roxlea was shot dead when police opened fire on the mourners.

Questioned about the death of Roxlea, the only one to be killed among the crowd of mourners, Charles Sebe replied: "Coincidences happen."

Testifying before the Ciskei Supreme Court in March 1983, Gqweta alleged that he had been tortured by his captors. The torture, he told the court, consisted of being punched, stripped naked and suspended from a window by handcuffs. Gqweta's testimony coincided with the many, persistent allegations of assault and torture from those held by the Ciskei security police.

Other methods described include near-asphyxiation by means of a wet canvas bag placed over the victim's head and electric shocks. In an application to secure her husband's

however, that the police had drawn their weapons and fired without warning at a crowd that was standing still. No policeman was injured in the incident, and the subsequent trial of 59 people charged with assaulting the police was halted by the magistrate on the grounds that the accused were "obviously not guilty."

No official death toll was ever released. Mdantsane residents estimate the total fatalities at over 90, and accuse the authorities of having pressured mortuaries to "sanitize" their figures.

Many of those arrested during the boycott were held in the Sisa Dukashe soccer stadium, where they were kept in the dressing rooms for periods of up to several days. At times, as many as 80 people were locked in one room, without food, water or blankets. According to the sworn, signed statements of dozens of the Sisa Dukashe detainees, they were subjected to systematic torture at the hands of the vigilantes.

ONE OF these statements is enough to give a picture of the goings-on in the soccer stadium. Mr. N. states:

"My sister was shot by the police when they opened fire on the commuters who were proceeding to the station in preference to the buses of the Ciskei Transport Corporation, which they were boycotting. A day after the funeral of my sister, Sunday, 22 August, at approximately 2 a.m. vigilantes came to my house. They knocked on the doors and windows and demanded that I accompany them. They accused me of using a white Golf (Volkswagen) to transport workers who were refusing to catch the buses to their place of work in East London. In fact I have no car at all. Nonetheless, they took me to the Sisa Dukashe soccer stadium where I was assaulted. I was suspended, while handcuffed, and whipped on my body and feet with sjamboks and sticks for several hours. Thereafter, I was left in a changing room with approximately 35 other persons who had been brought there by the vigilantes."

"I was left there until Tuesday. During that time, many other persons were assaulted by the vigilantes. We were given no food and no water. There was no toilet in the room. By Tuesday there were approximately 80 persons in the room, which was approximately eight metres square. Because there was no running water in the toilet, faeces were piled up along the edges of the room and in the corners. At one stage two vigilantes came into the room and took out a young woman. They raped her in the adjoining changing room. On the Tuesday I was taken to a police station and handed over to the police."

SUCH IS the nature of the regime whose capital was twinned with Ariel last week. Lennox Sebe is not the first tyrant with whom Israel has had dealings, nor is he the worst.

Ciskei has no Jewish community that needs protecting, no raw materials or technology that Israel requires, and it plays no part in Israel's strategic thinking.

The Ciskei connection exists simply because it offers a fast buck to Israeli businessmen and a market, however puny, to the export industries that must continually expand. Those are very poor reasons for mixing with a brutal dictator and jeopardizing this country's re-emerging relations with Black Africa.

Israel has links with many morally ambiguous regimes. But those with the Ciskei surely rank among the most senseless.

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JERUSALEM Cinemas

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Fri., Nov. 9
Double feature/1 ticket:
Under Fire 2.30
Bridge On The River Kwai 4.30
Sat., Nov. 10:
Lord Of The Rings 6.30
Rock 'n' Roll and Revival 9
Sun., Nov. 11:
Lord Of The Rings 6.45
Zorba The Greek 9.15
Mon., Nov. 12:
Under Fire 2.30
Zorba The Greek 6.45
Lord Of The Rings 9.15
Tue., Nov. 13:
Bridge On The River Kwai 4
1001 Lies About Picasso 7
The Music Lovers 9
Wed., Nov. 14:
The Music Lovers 7
1001 Lies About Picasso 9.15
Thurs., Nov. 15:
World According To Garp 7
High Anxiety 9.30

EDEN

THE ANGEL
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: IS600 all week from Sat.

EDISON

2nd week
NINJA III
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: IS600 all week from Sat.

HABIRA

BOLERO
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: IS600 (matinee)
IS1,000 (evening)

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur., 3.30
PEAU D'ANE
Tue., 6.30
HONORARY CONSUL

Kfir

2nd week
MARIA'S LOVERS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: IS600 (matinee)
IS1,000 (evening)

MITCHELL

LE GARÇON
(The Walter)
Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Ticket: IS600 (matinee)
IS1,000 (evening)

ORGL

4th week
PARIS-TEXAS
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.30.9
(no discount tickets)
Ticket: IS600 (matinee)
IS1,000 (evening)

ORION

4th week
AGAINST ALL ODDS
Sat. 6.45.9
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ORNA

THE FAR PAVILIONS
Sat. 6.45.9
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

RON

7th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

SEMADAR

BULL SHOT
Sat. and Weekdays 7.9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

TOP SECRET

Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Ticket: IS600 (matinee)
IS1,000 (evening)

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

2nd week
NINJA III
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.7.15.9.30

BEN-YEHUDA

2nd week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.7.15.9.30

BETH HATIKVUTSOH

2nd week
JEWISH CINEMATIQUE
Sat. 8.30
THE BOAT IS FULL

CHEN 1

5th week
SPLASH
Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.30 p.m.
Sat. 7.20.9.45
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.45

CHEN 2

3rd week
REUBEN REUBEN
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.40

CHEN 3

7th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Fri. 9.50.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.45
Weekdays 4.45.7.15.9.35

CHEN 4

16th week
THE BIG CHILL
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.25.9.40
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CHEN 5

3rd week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.25.9.40
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CINEMA ONE

4th week
CONAN THE DESTROYER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CINEMA TWO ROSEMARY'S BABY

CLASS

86 Allenby Rd.
INSTRUCTION CAMBODIA
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

DEKEL

2nd week
THE SURVIVORS
Sat. and weekdays 5.30
SWAN LAKE
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.30.9.30

DRIVE-IN

GREYSTOKE
Fri. 12.15 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight
Sun. 1 p.m.

ESTHER

Israel premiere
ANGEL
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

GAT

CARMEN
Sat. 6.30.9.30
Weekdays 3.30.6.30.9.30

GORDON

87 Ben Yehuda, Tel 244373
10th week
THE HERD
A new film by the director of Yal
Sat. 7.10.9.30
Weekdays 4.40.7.10.9.30

HOD

5th week
TOP SECRET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

110 Hayarkon St.
LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS
Tue. 7.30

LEVI

7th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEVII

2nd week
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.5.7.30.9.40

LIMOR

KILLING OF AMERICA
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MAXIM

L'AVARE de Molière

(The Miser by Molière)
Sat. 6.45.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI

DEADLY IMPACT
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORLY

Israel premiere
RACING WITH THE MOON
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

PARIS

6th week
ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
Tonight 12 noon; 10.12 Midnight
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 12.2.4.7.15.9.30

PEER

HARRY AND SON

SHAHAF

2nd week
MARIA'S LOVERS
Fri. 9.45 p.m., midnight
Sat. 7.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

STUDIO

2nd week
DANIEL
Sat. 7.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema - Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
LIQUID SKY
7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.

TCHETET

DUCK SOUP
Marx Brothers
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV

BOLERO
* BO DEREK
Today 2.15.10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

ZAFON

PARIS-TEXAS

Tonight 10
Sat. 6.45.9.30
Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

DEADLY IMPACT
an adventure film
* BO SVENSON
* FRED WILLIAMSON
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON

2nd week
ROMANCING THE STONE
* KATHLEEN CURNER
* MICHAEL DOUGLAS
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ATZMON

AN INTERESTING LIFE STORY
* CLIFF GORMAN
* SUSAN TIEREL
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

CHEN

5th week
SPLASH
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

MORIAH

CANNON BALL RUN II
Sat. and weekdays 7.9
Thursday - midnight show

ORAH

WOMAN IN RED
A terrific comedy
* KELLY L. BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9
No complimentary tickets

ONLY

THE HERD
A new film by Linus Gonal
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.30.9

PEER

7th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
An Uri Barabash and Rudi Cohen film
with Amnon Tzadok and Muhammad Bakri
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

RON

3rd week
TOP SECRET
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

SHAVIT

5th week
PARIS-TEXAS
Sat. and weekdays 6.30.9.15

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

6th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 7.15.9.30

BAT YAM CINEMA

2nd week
BOLERO
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

LILY

WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS

4th week
SPLASH
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORDEA

2nd week
ZIGZAG STORY
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN

L'ADDITION
Tonight 9.30
Sat. and weekdays 7.30.9.30
Sunday only: 4.30.7.30.9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID

2nd week
FUNNY PEOPLE II
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

HECHAL

BOLERO
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

TIFERET

BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.15
Sun. and Mon. 4.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL

2nd week
SPLASH
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

SAVOY

BOLERO
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.

BAT YAM CINEMA

2nd week
BOLERO
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

FILMS IN BRIEF

L'ADDITION - Typical prison film about the innocent having to face the gruesome facts of life behind bars. This film deals with a Kafkaesque legal process which can turn anyone into a hapless victim, but the film is not totally successful.

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barabash deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics' Prize in Venice.

THE BOAT IS FULL - Markus Imhof's film about a group of refugees which manages to cross the border from Germany to Switzerland during World War II. It is an overwhelming experience, imported in a low key.

BOLERO - Produced by, and starring, Bo Derek. The steamy story of a young woman during the Twenties who goes off to Morocco to find a handsome sheikh, and after that to Spain where she encounters a wife, a champion matador, from whom she gains everything she has ever wished for. Golan-Globus production.

DANIEL - Sidney Lumet's film based closely on E.L. Doctorow's novel. About Edith and Julius Rosenberg, who were executed in the U.S. as Soviet spies. The film deals with the effect of their execution on their children. Move an important, than a great, film.

DUCK SOUP - (1933) The Marx Brothers' anti-war, anti-political satire in which Groucho becomes head of a fictional state.

FUNNY PEOPLE II - A new collection of candid camera sequences by South African filmmaker Jamie Uys.

GARÇON (WAITER) - Yves Montand portrays Alex, a typical lower-middle-class man working in a Parisian restaurant. We see his past, and his dreams for the future, and the debt of camera and actors keep the story moving pleasantly along. Only the script is weak in an overall pleasant movie.

GREYSTOKE, LEGEND OF TARZAN KING OF THE APES - There is little romanticizing here about Tarzan's childhood in the African jungle. We also see the hero proceeding to be the heir of Lord Greystoke, brilliantly played by Sir Ralph Richardson in his last role. Much visual splendour, and pleasant entertainment if you're not squeamish.

HIGH ANXIETY - Ingenious and very funny comedy-wrapped-up-in-suspense about a Harvard professor who takes over directorship of the Psycho-Neurotic Institute for the Very, Very Nervous, and finds his own staff far sicker than his patients. A worthy tribute to Hitchcock's genius with visual references to "Vertigo," "Psycho" and "The Birds." Mel Brooks is the author.

UNDER FIRE - 3 journalists in Nicaragua in 1979. Roger Spottiswoode's film offers a bit of everything - adventure, love, action... it's never boring.

ZIGZAG STORY - A zany, French situation comedy about 3 friends: a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.
Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Tuesday, Thursday at 2 p.m. - Christian and Muslim Quarters.
Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo Information Booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter; Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).
Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).
Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3 1/2 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

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Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post office in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1984



Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse as the Rosenbergs in Sidney Lumet's film "Daniel".

Children of trauma

justify their own existence, or else shut themselves off from the whole world to avoid any chance of suffering as the children of traitors, victims or martyrs (depending on personal opinion).

It is true that these are not exclusively American traumas: they are painful but real aspects of the world we all live in. The difference, however, is that the U.S. thought it could not happen there, and, if Lumet is to be believed still has difficulties coming to terms with the fact that it did happen and might happen again.

used flashbacks to explain his protagonist in *The Pawnbroker*, he never knew that Resnais had used them before him.

Of course it may be argued, and quite correctly too, that in this instance the subject is so exclusively American that none but an American film-maker could interpret it. The only remaining question being whether American film-makers, even the best of them, are not too literal-minded for Doctorow's narrative style, which he has preserved in the film script.

One has only to remember the difficulties George Roy Hill had with *Slaughterhouse 5* to understand that some of the language of American literature is not yet an integral part of its film language. Not that it cannot be transferred satisfactorily and even faithfully to the screen. It is simply that the final result looks too much like an attempt to elicit the admiration of the spectator rather than gain his emotional participation, which a work of art is supposed to do.

After this very long introduction, it is time to deal with Sidney Lumet's *Daniel*. The picture, just like the novel, focuses on two of the most painful aspects of the recent American experience. One involves the distortion of justice by what can only be described as national hysteria; the other is the sad spectacle of children paying for their parents' sins. For his purpose, Doctorow started with an event which is still a blot on the American conscience: the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the couple of communist Brooklyn Jews tried at the height of the McCarthy era for spying for the Russians and sent to the electric chair.

While in the novel the name of the couple is Isaacson, and details are not always historically accurate, there can be no doubt that the whole story concerns the Rosenbergs and the destiny of their children. The latter had either to try to vindicate their parents' memory in order to

also shows, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that their determined political activism, innocuous as it may have been, was far more important to them than anything else. And even if they had the right to put their own lives in jeopardy, it is doubtful whether they had the right to do the same for their children.

(Continued from page C)

According to Lumet, this juxtaposition of a crime which may not have been a crime and a punishment inflicted on innocent offspring, is the whole point of the film. More than the protest against injustice, more than the warning against political panic or even the frontal attack against capital punishment, portrayed with gruesome realism in two separate scenes.

SO NOW you know why *Daniel* is an important film. But why isn't it a great one?

For that, we may have to go back to an earlier movie made from a Doctorow novel, actually a later, and probably a better one. *Ragtime* was a huge bestseller. The film, made by Milos Forman, admittedly did not do justice to the book; but Forman managed to infuse so much human spirit into the characters that in spite of everything he missed, the movie was fascinating and emotionally powerful.

In that instance, Doctorow was



Director Sidney Lumet.

not the scriptwriter. Here, he is, and he joins forces with a director who obviously admires his work. The result is that the scope of the novel is

not lost, but much of its soul is. The events are almost all there, but there is no time to build up character and round it satisfactorily.

Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse offer tempting sketches of the Isaacsons but are not given the chance to go much further. Timothy Hutton and Amanda Plummer, as their grown-up children, face the same problem. Nobody is really allowed to grow in front of the camera; there is no time for this, because there are always more facts and figures to be worked in. Intellectually, there is no problem in differentiating between the approach of the husband and that of his wife to the "cause", but you are never close enough to care.

Indeed, for a director who has always worked intensely on his actors and indulged in strong close-ups Lumet is surprisingly reluctant to allow the camera go near his characters. The only one allowed to let her hair down is Amanda Plummer; but in her case, too, the emotional imbalance is clear from the very first moment, and the wild look in her eye already suggests that she is doomed.

As for the only real close-ups, when Timothy Hutton recites into

the camera the catalogue of capital punishment through the ages, they serve their purpose as an integral part of the message but somehow they make very little dramatic impact.

With the aid of cameraman Andrzej Bartkowiak, Lumet creates two different styles for the two different periods, treating the past in a sepia hue that recalls old, slightly faded pictures.

He also makes full use of Paul Robeson's recordings of negro spirituals. Both choices are adequate but hardly surprising, visually this is almost obviously the style to adopt, while musically it begs to be used, for Robeson's last concert in the U.S. is one of the key scenes in the film.

The bottom line is that *Daniel* is a film to be seen, pondered on, discussed but is not the kind you will remember longingly in a year's time and want to see again. It serves the immediate purpose of a well-turned article in a newspaper, intelligently describing and analysing certain relevant problems of our times. But don't we all know what happens to yesterday's paper?



Nastassja Kinski and Keith Carradine in "Maria's Lovers".

The inner freedom

PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN interviews
Soviet film director Andrei Konchalovsky

"FREEDOM is a word I hate," says Andrei Konchalovsky, the first Soviet director to make an American film, and the son of an old Russian family who boasts a grandfather who refused to paint Stalin, and a father who is president of the Soviet Writers' Union.

"Freedom," he elaborates, "is a word for the intelligentsia. We get paranoid about freedom without understanding that there is no absolute freedom, except death. The rest of the time, we have to compare what we want with what we can get."

Konchalovsky, 47, is tall, lean and elegant. He has won prizes for the seven films he directed in the Soviet Union, including the top prize at a Cannes film festival.

He came to Israel recently to present *Maria's Lovers*, his first film made in the United States, because it was thanks to an Israeli producer, Menahem Golan, that he was finally able to make it.

Maria's Lovers is about impotence, and stars Nastassja Kinski (Texas, Texas) as the virgin wife of John Savage, a war veteran seeking emotional and sexual rehabilitation. The film has been playing to large houses in Italy and France, but says its Russian director, "I think it will be a hard sell in the U.S."

"The American mentality likes things in black and white, people who are bad or good. I don't divide people like that. A good man has bad in him, but he suppresses it, just as a courageous man is not one who never fears, but one who suppresses fear."

"Also, the American audience doesn't like losers. In European culture, the loser is often the main character: look at Dostoyevsky, Cervantes or Shalom Aleichem."

Producer Golan says he has "high hopes" for the film in Israel, "because the power and essence of the story have a lot to do with us here."

Konchalovsky, who is Russian Orthodox and "a religious man," rejects the notion that the liberal dose of nudity in the film, and the almost overt sex—or failure thereof—were included for commercial reasons.

"We have been very careful not to get into soft porn. The film is a parable about love and death, the eagerness for immortality and the reconciliation between spirit and

body," he philosophises. "The spirit is immortal, but the flesh has to perpetuate itself. It has to make love and breed."

As for showing Kinski's "best parts," he adds: "I think the director's goal is to show the best parts of any actor. It's a question of seeing who has what. In fact, Kinski is not a very sexual girl. She's very shy and insecure, she has not many things to show. She's not a pin-up girl. Her sexuality is in her behaviour, her vibrations."

KONCHALOVSKY started his creative life as a musician, and studied with fellow-pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy at the Moscow Conservatory. "But I quit music because I didn't feel free." When I remind him he doesn't believe in freedom, he snorts: "No, I'm not being inconsistent. For me, freedom is not something external. It's an intrinsic thing, a power that's inside. I couldn't express myself freely as a pianist because I simply wasn't good enough, and that limited me."

Instead, he went to the official film school, and immediately started writing and directing films. His first feature, *First Teacher*, won a prize at the Venice film festival in 1966. His second was banned.

"It was a time of thaw," he explains, "and I put real people on the screen, including one man who had spent 10 years in a Soviet concentration camp, and he spoke about his life and his beliefs and Stalin. But it was a very sensitive issue—it still is—and it was also just before the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The film wasn't dissident. It was objective. But some political figures were against it, and so it was banned."

"But I was immediately offered another film. That's one of the phenomena of the Soviet State. They prefer everybody to work, especially if the person has already proved he's capable."

His next few films were all shown abroad to acclaim. His *Nest of Gentlemen*, based on the Turgenev novel, won a prize in San Francisco, and his film version of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* won in San Sebastian. He also scripted 20 films for top Soviet directors.

His last film in Russia was *Siberiad* ("as in *Mad*," he interjects), a large-scale epic about the discovery of oil

in Siberia. It runs over three hours and won the Grand Prix in Cannes in 1979. And that's when he left Russia—legally.

He got permission to leave Russia for permanent residence abroad, without losing his citizenship, because 10 years earlier he had married a Frenchwoman (who was in Moscow as a translator and baby-sitter for a French banker).

"From the middle of the 1960s," he explains, "marriage between citizens and foreigners became legal, especially after the Helsinki agreement was signed. It started slowly, because the Russians are really afraid of foreigners. In Stalin's time, it was a crime to have any contact with foreigners, and the fear and paranoia lingered on. But by 1969 this mental fear was diminishing, and I can tell you that thousands of Soviet citizens now live in Paris, legally, because they're married to French people."

Five years ago, Konchalovsky decided to join them. "I didn't emigrate," he insists, "I simply changed my place of residence. Our daughter had been living in Paris with her grandmother, and I wanted to be closer to her. It would have been a cultural shock to take her back to Russia."

So Konchalovsky moved freely to Paris. But his artistic life hit a roadblock. "I wasn't able to make films in Paris because I couldn't get the money, and I was facing a dilemma: to go back to Russia to make a film, or go to the U.S. Then I received a call from Columbia, and became the first Soviet citizen to be hired by a major American company."

But that didn't work out either. "I wrote several good scripts, including one about Rachmaninoff, which I still want to make as a Soviet-American co-production. But none of the scripts became films, and soon I found myself on the streets."

One of the screenplays was *Maria's Lovers*, based on a Russian short story. Nobody was interested until Nastassja Kinski, an old friend who had seen all his films in Paris, asked him to make a film with her. "I told her the story of *Maria's Lovers*, and she absolutely flipped. I went to the Cannes film festival and negotiated with various producers."

"And then I met Menahem Golan. Five minutes after we met, he said he would buy the project. It was like a roller-coaster. Menahem reminds me of Louis B. Mayer. It's very rare nowadays to meet someone with enough power and clout to make decisions himself. Menahem is the last Tycoon."

KONCHALOVSKY'S parents are both writers and poets. His brother is also a film director; to avoid confusion, the brother uses their father's surname, Michaelkov, while Andrei uses his mother's maiden name.

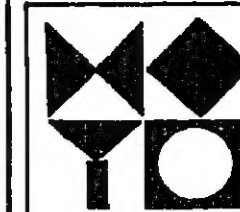
"My mother also translates, especially from French, but I must tell you," he says gleefully, "she once even translated a Yiddish poem by a beautiful Jewish poet named Rubenstein, without knowing Yiddish. She loved him very much. I remember we were all together once, in Kazakhstan, during the war, watching Eisenstein shoot *Ivan the Terrible*. My mother was a great friend of Eisenstein. They had both been together in the U.S., and they used to speak English together for nostalgic reasons and to keep in practice."

"The cultural tradition of my family is very old," he notes, spreading out three Russian postage stamps on the table. Two are of paintings, the third, a 20-kopek stamp, pictures the artist.

"That is my grandfather Konchalovsky, a prominent painter in the

(Continued on page F)

This Week in Israel • The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

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The exhibition continues until January 5, 1985. ***Please look out for special daily advertisements, for changes in the visiting hours.

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EVENTS

CONCERT - Saturday, November 10 at 20.30. CONCERT WITH FOUR HARPSICORDS. Programme J.S. Bach. With Simon Rochman, David Shmorer, Netta Lader, Tavi Maniker and a Baroque String Quartet. Courtesy of Louis Edelstein, New Jersey. SPECIAL EVENT - Sunday, Nov. 11 and Monday, Nov. 12 from 18.00-22.00. ARTCOM ISRAEL '84. The aesthetics of communication and video-art. A Symposium with screenings and demonstration workshops (in English). Special guests: Fred Forest (France) and Antonio Munades (USA). Coordinator: Natan Karszmar. Res. 02-698213.

CHILDREN'S FILM. Mon., Nov. 12; Wed., Nov. 14; Thurs., Nov. 15; at 15.30. PEAU D'ANE (France 1970). FILM - Tues., Nov. 12 at 18.00 and 20.30 and Sat., Nov. 17 at 20.30. HONORARY CONSUL (USA 1983). Dir.: John Mackenzie, with Robert Duvall. SENIOR CITIZEN'S FILM - Wed., November 14 at 11.00. PROFILE OF AN ARTIST - ANNA TIKHO. This prize-winning film will be followed by a guided tour in one of the temporary exhibitions. Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bond and Mr. Curtis Katz. LECTURE - Wednesday, November 14 at 20.30. ROCOCO TO ROMANTICISM with Dr. Joseph Hoffman, Tel Aviv University (in English).

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH. Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 18.30. Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Mon. at 15.00. Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tues. at 15.00. Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thurs. at 15.00. Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Fri. at 11.00.

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*Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries. Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Klatim ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rococo in Tel Aviv.

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9.30 pm: *Get Crazy* dir. Allan Arkush
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7 pm: *Mon Oncle*
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This Week in Israel • The MUSEUMS TEL AVIV

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

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EXHIBITIONS

1. "To Save a World" American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984
2. "The Enigma of the Celarave Menorah"

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

1. "The Boat is Full" A film based on a true story of German Jews seeking refuge in Switzerland during Second World War. Starring: Tina Angel, Curt Bois, Renate Steig. Directed by: Markus Imhoof. In French with Hebrew subtitles. Sunday November 11 at 8:30 pm.
2. "Rabbi Abraham in the Wild West" The story of a "shlimiel" Rabbi who was sent from his village in Poland to head a Jewish community in San Francisco, Dir.: Gene Wilder, Actor: Robert Aldrich. In Engl. with Hebr. subtitles. Thursday, November 15 at 8:30 pm. Admission: Free; For members of Friends Association: ISROO. Courtesy of bank leumi בנק לאומי

EVENTS

A meeting with Dr. Samuel Pizar, the author of the book: "Of Blood and Hope" The evening will be conducted in Yiddish. (In cooperation with the Council for Yiddish and Jewish Culture). Participants: Dr. Samuel Pizar, Meir Yallin, Yitzhak Janowitz, Chairman: Yitzhak Korn. Wednesday, November 14 at 8:00 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of the Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 426161. Buses: 13, 24, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79.

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(Continued from page 1)

Cezanne mode who couldn't get a single exhibition until Stalin's death because he had refused to paint Stalin's portrait unless Stalin posed for him in person."

His parents have had their own difficulties with the authorities. "Who hasn't?" he shrugs. "Don't forget that in Stalin's time, one-third of the population was in prison. My two uncles were in prison, but they were rehabilitated and are in good health."

"There is a process of evolution going on in the Soviet Union. The fact that I am sitting here proves it. The fact that Solzhenitsyn was expelled and not imprisoned proves it. Thirty years ago, that was inconceivable."

"I don't know about the clamp-down on Jewish emigration now, because I haven't been in Russia for five years, except briefly to see my family, but even the fact that it is slowing down means that it exists."

"I'm a cautious optimist. I think the process of de-Stalinization is inevitable. Historical processes are irreversible. They are just slower than we would like. One mustn't forget that Russia is an enormous country, and big countries with old traditions and cultures have more inertia and move more slowly, like elephants. To change anything is like changing the course of the Queen Mary. You have to calculate it carefully, or it will blow up and crash into an iceberg."

"The intellectual forces are very strong, especially Jewish creativity, which is like the yeast in the dough. The Jewish mentality is very revisionistic. You try to revise everything, notions, ideas."

Konchalovsky's future plans include another film, *Shy People*, for Menahem Golan's company, Cannon Films; it will star Shirley MacLaine, "my close friend." The brilliant Japanese director Akira Kurosawa has asked him to direct a script he (Kurosawa) wrote 15 years ago. And Konchalovsky intends to

direct Nastassja Kinski again next year, in Chekhov's *The Seagull*, on the London stage.

"Kinski is a pain for the director," he says fondly. "because she's never satisfied with herself. She's very sensitive and insecure, and every day we had quarrels because she wanted to redo every scene. I had to practically throw her off the set."

"Hitchcock once wrote that Ingrid Bergman was a perfectionist and wanted every film to be a masterpiece. Hitchcock used to say to her, 'Ingrid, it's just a movie.' My attitude is the same. I don't make masterpieces, only movies. The moment you aim for a masterpiece, you have a flop. It's better just to do your best, and that's it."

"When I saw the rushes of *Maria's Lovers*, I almost had a nervous breakdown. I worked very hard editing. I have always been a hard worker, but I never worked 16 hours a day in my life, until I went to the U.S. Finally, I saw about 50 per cent of what I wanted, and I remembered that my teacher at the film school in Moscow used to say, 'If your film succeeds 50 per cent, you're lucky.'"

How did he like Kinski's performance in *Paris, Texas*? He sighs. "You should never ask a director about films by other directors. We hate each other. But since you ask, I think Kinski is the best part of the film. Wim Wenders is an extremely talented and original film director, but he gets too consumed by his world, and often the dramatic development falls apart."

"Paris, Texas is too long and diffuse, so that the intensity of feeling is interrupted and lost. Entertainment in the cinema depends on the intensity of emotions. It's a silver thread between the film and the audience, and that must never be broken."

Passion and patriotism

MIAMI STEVE was always the joker in Bruce Springsteen's E Street pack, the street smart kid with a mean turn of phrase, bubbling on and off stage. But while he was content just to fill the guitarist's spot in Bruce's band, his songwriting for Southside Johnny and Gary U.S. Bonds showed that he had plenty of his own messages to get across.

Last year, Steve finally took a break from the E Street Band and set up his group, calling it Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul. And while Steve did play on the boss's *Born In The USA* album, most of his efforts were channelled into *Voice of America* (CBS).

If one didn't know that the two were best friends, one might think that Steve was taking the mickey out of Mr. Springsteen. As on *Born In The USA*, the title track here is an anthemic number, setting the scene for an album full of passion and patriotism.

But Steve has no need to parody Springsteen, for *Voice of America* is a triumph from first to last, an answer to the recklessness of *Born to Run*, a damning of the despondency of *Darkness On The Edge of Town*.

"Can you hear me, wake up, where's the voice of America?" he asks at the start of Side One, and proceeds to call for "Solidarity," and "Justice" to win back "everything... that's been compromised."

Where reggae band UB40 sang "I'm a British subject, not proud of it and I carry the burden of shame," Steve counters with: "I am a patriot and I love my country, because my country is all I know."

Lyrically speaking, *Voice of*



Miami Steve
ROCK, ETC.
David Horowitz

America is an album of hope and determination, albeit expressed in somewhat simplistic terms. Musically it is anything but simplistic, as Steve explores territory uncharted in Springsteen's voyaging.

Apart from the classy pop of "Out of the Darkness," Steve gives us a sniff of reggae, a good dose of soul, and the best Springsteen-esque guitar solo since "Candy's Room."

Voice of America is the album Springsteen should have made this year, full of drive and spirit. Instead it's fallen to Miami Steve to come out with *tashmah's* finest so far. Rush out and buy it.

MICHAEL JACKSON'S *Farewell my Summer Love* (Eastonics) is an

album of songs recorded by Michael Jackson in 1972 and '73. Apparently the material was "lost" when Motown moved offices several years ago, and has only now been "rediscovered."

The title track has had plenty of radio exposure, and is probably the best thing here - even Motown admits that most of the songs needed a little "overdubbing and remixing," and that certainly shows in places.

Among the better numbers are two covers, Smokey Robinson's "You've Really Got A Hold On Me," and Al Green's "Here I Am" (Come and Take Me), which give some insight into Jackson's stylistic influences.

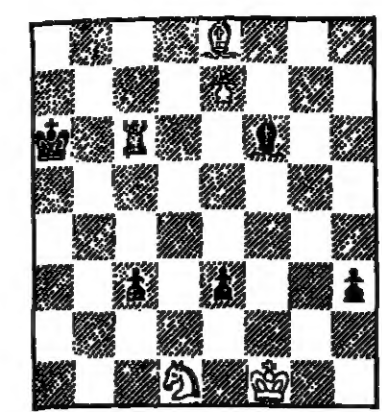
Most revealing are "Touch The One You Love" and "Girl You're So Together," which are probably the tracks closest in style to Jackson's current output. The Cars must be one of the very few remaining American rock bands to have earned and maintained a nationwide following on the strength of their music alone.

But while they missed the first video boat, they caught up with a flourish by making clips to go with five tracks from *Heartbreak City* (General Music). The album would probably have made the U.S. top five without the video plugging - it's full of inventive, intelligent rock - but hiring high-profile directors like Andy Warhol, and getting massive exposure on MTV must have helped.

We'll have to content ourselves with just the music, and with tracks like "Drive" and "I Refuse" along for the ride. This is one Cars album well worth picking up.

CHESS

Elihu Shahaf
Problem No. 3198
HILJEL ALONI, Netanyahu
Tiskrit for Schack, 1962



White to play and draw (4-6)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3196 (Feiga, Aloni). 1. Kh7! e3 2. Bd3 (2.Nc3? h3! 3.g3 Kc3, and Black wins) 2. - h5! 3. Kh6! e2! 4. Be2 h3

5. Ng3! h2 6. Bf1! g1 Q 7. Ne2, draw. (1. Kg7? or 3. Kg6? then 6. - g1 Q and Black wins).

CHIBURDANIDZE RETAINS TITLE

WOMEN'S world champion Maya Chiburdanidze retained her title by beating Irina Levitina 8½-5½. In the match, held in Volgograd, Levitina managed to win just one game.

In the men's world championship match, there was a series of draws in games 10-18 with Anatoly Karpov keeping his dominating lead of 4-0.

TIMMAN WINS AMSTERDAM FESTIVAL

JAN TIMMAN of Holland won the grandmasters' tournament held within the framework of the Amsterdam festival by earning 7 points in 9 games. Runner-up was Hungary's Lajos Portisch with 6½ points. He was followed by M. Chander (England) 6, T. Vedberg (Sweden), S. Nikolic (Yugoslavia), D. Sax (Hungary), G. Kampora (Argentina) and Lev Polugaevsky (USSR), all with

5½ points. Here is a fine game by the winner.

J. TIMMAN II. REK. 1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 e3 3. Nf3 d5 4. Ne3 Be7 5. Bg5 0-0 6. e3 Nf7 7. Bf4 e5 8. 0-0 e4 9. e4 d6 10. Be4 Nf6 11. Bf3 Nf5 12. Be7 Qc7 13. Re1 Rf8 14. Re1 Nf5 15. Re3 Bd7 16. d5 Qd6 17. Be6 18. Qf6 Rf6 19. Be6 Re6 20. Re6 fe 21. Re7 Rf8 22. Kf1 Rf7 23. Rf7 Nd7 24. Ng5 Ne5 25. Bf4 Na6 26. a3 Ne7 27. Ke2 h6 28. Ne4 Kf8 29. Nd6 b6 30. Kd3 a6 31. Ne4 Nd5 32. Kd4 Ke7 33. g3 Kd7 34. f4 Kc6 35. Ke5 Ne7 36. Nd6 Kd7 37. f5 of 38. Nf5 Ne8 39. g4 Nf6 40. h3 h5 41. g5 Nh7 42. h4 Nf8 43. Ng7 Ng6 44. Kf6 Nh4 45. Nh5 Ke6 46. Ng3 Kd5 47. a4! h5 48. a5 Kc4 49. Nf5 Ng2 50. Ke5. Black resigns.

D. VANDER WIEL L. POLUGAEVSKY

1. e4 c5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. d4 cd 4. Nd4 e6 5. Nc3 a6 6. Bf4 d6 7. Ne5 bc 8. Be1 Nf6 9. Qc2 d5 10. 0-0-0 Bb7 11. Bb3 Be7 12. cd cd 13. Ba4 Nd7 14. Qg4 0-0 15. Bb6 Bf6 16. Bd7 Qd7 17. Rd3 Rf8 18. Re1 d4 19. Red1 Qc7. White resigns.

MISSED OPPORTUNITY

White - Kc1; Qb3; Rf2; Rg3; Bf5; Ne6; Ph2; c2; d5; g6; h2. (11) Black - Kg8; Qc7; Ra8; Re5; Bb7; Bd8; P46; e5; f6; g7; h6. (11) 1. Be6 Kh8 2. Nd8 Rd8 (2. - Qd8 3. Qb7) 3. Rf6! (in the game White played 3. e3! Rf8 4. Qd1 Qa5 5. Qb3 Qa7 6. Qa1 Bd5 7. Bd5 Qa1, and Black won) 3. - Qa5 (3. - g1 4. g7 4. Qc3 Qa1 5. Kd2 Qb2 6. Rf8! Rf8 7. Qh6! gh 8. g7 Kh7 9. gN! Kh8 10. Rg8x. (Inseliani-Nutzu, Lucerne, 1982.)

QUEEN SACRIFICE

White - Kg1; Qh4; Re1; Rg5; Bb1; Bd4; Pa3; c3; B3; e2; h2. (11) Black - Kg8; Qc7; Rd8; Rf4; Bc6; Nf8; Pa5; b5; c4; g6; h7. (11) 1. Bg6! Rh4 2. Bf7. Black resigns. (Magkov-Pelechil, correspondence game, 1980/83.)

COUP DE GRACE

White - Kh2; Qf2; Rd1; Bg3; Pa3; b2; c3; g2; h1. (9) Black - Kg8; Qc4; Rg4; Bg7; Pd3; f7; g6; h5. (8) Black to play. 1. - Rg3! White resigns. (Ivanovsky-Kinilov, USSR, 1983)

QUEEN SACRIFICE

White - Kg1; Qc5; Ra1; Rf1; Bb2; Ne3; Ng4; Pa2; b3; c1; f5; g2; h3. (13) Black - Kh8; Qh5; Ra8; Rd8; Be7; Bc6; Nc6; Pa6; b7; g7; h7. (11) 1. f6! and Black resigned in view of 1. - Qc5 2. f6 Kg8 3. Nf6x. (Dreev-Gillen, Bukaramanga, 1983.)

TACTICAL RESOURCEFULNESS

White - Kg1; Rb3; Rd2; Bb4; Ne1; Pa4; d4; f2; g4; h2. (10) Black - Kh7; Rb6; Re7; Nc6; Pa7; d5; e6; g5; h3. (9) Black to play. 1. - Nd4! 2. Rc3 Rb4 3. Re7 Kc7 4. Kf1. White resigns. (Polugaevsky-Ljubajevic, Tilburg, 1983.)

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White - Kh1; Qc1; Rd1; Rd2; Bg1; Ne3; Pa2; b4; c5; e4; f3; h2. (12) Black - Kh8; Qb4; Ra8; Bb6; Bh3; Nh5; Pa7; b7; c6; e5; f4; h6. (12) Black to play. 1. - Bg2! 2. Rg2 Ng3 3. Rg3 f6. White resigns (4. Rd2 g2). (Virtensohn-Nunn, Biel, 1983.)

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1984

NOVEMBER 9 – NOVEMBER 15

人



John Shrapnel
TV: 21:30

Johr. Shrapnel
TV. 21.30

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 School Broadcasts 15.00 Belfy and Libbit 15.30 Pretty Butterfly 16.00 This is I – live youth magazine 17.01 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 We were also there – about the Jewish heroes of the Second World War
18.00 Cartoons

- 18.25 Friend in Need
- 18.30 News - current affairs
- 19.30 **REBREW PROGRAMMES** resume at 19.30
- 20.00 with a new roundup
- 20.02 Match of the Week
- 20.20 More Time - weekly cinema magazine
- 21.00 **Major Newsweek**
- 21.30 **The Intelligence Man** - BBC documentary about a scientific fraud, starring John Strain
- 22.40 **The Fourth Arm** Part 6 of a 12-part series, starring Philip Latham, Paul Stedley and Neil Stacey
- 23.30 **Benny Hill** - comedy series with the famous British comedian
- 23.55 **News**

JORDAN TV (continued)
17.30 Cartoons 17.30 (JTV 3) Macaroni
18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew
20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 The Fun-
hearted Feminist 21.10 Sherlock Holmes
22.00 News in English 22.15 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north)
13.00 Westbrook Hospital 13.30 Another
Life 14.00 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00
Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00
19.00 17.30 Flying House 18.00 Bonanza
Poppy Hardcastle & Mc Cormick 20.00

Another Life 20.30 News 21.00 That
Hollywood 21.30 60 Minutes 22.30 Paper
Chase 23.30 700 Club 24.00 News Update
00.30 Eventide

[illegible]

12.50-13.00 *Baritone with Violoncello and Harp*
13.05 *Bar. Fossati in November: Schumann; Ode: Berlioz: Harold in Italy: Barabeniun plays works by Chopin*
15.01 *Musica Viva - Webern: Quartet. On 27-28 to be played five times*
15.30 *Youth Programme*
16.30 *The Western Gallies Choir, directed by Yossi Zilepert - Bach: 3 Chorales; Zvi Avni: Quartet, From the Depth; Mozart: Quartet, On 458; Shostakovich: Quintet*

Op. 57
13.00 Felix Mendelssohn - Portrait - S)
Two Nights and A Dream
19.05 Clementi: Rondo
recorded in 19501; Bach: Cantata No. 92
(Leonard); Chabrier: L'après-midi d'un
Féru; Liszt: Les Nuits d'Orient; Chopin:
Piano; Mozart: Flauto Sonata No. 12
(Horn); recorded in 1947)
30.30 The Jerusalem Symphony Orches-
tra, David Robertson and Sir Michael
Tippett conducting - Purcell-Britten-
Chaconne; Tippett: Symphony No. 3
Steven Gahleitner; Mendelssohn: Symphony
No. 3

23.00 Night Music
No.3
11.00 *Chama's* *Wetona* (social, symphony)

RADIO 1st
6.03 Programmes for Olin
7.30 Morning Concert (from Voice of Music)
9.30 Encounter - live family and social affairs magazine
10.30 Programmes in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts

- 11.30 Education for all
- 12.05 Sephardi songs
- 13.00 News in English
- 13.30 News in French
- 14.06 Children's programmes
- 15.30 Spenser's Podium
- 15.53 Notes on a New Book
- 16.05 Middle East Crossroads
- 17.12 Jewish Ideas
- 17.20 Exeterman's University
- 18.05 Afternoon Classics
- 18.47 Bible Reading

19.05 Religion Programme
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Night Connection - introduced by
Yoram Kainz

8.05 *Sale Journey*
9.05 *House Call* - with Ricka Micheli
12.05 *Open Line* - news and music
14.06 *Matters of Interest* - with Gabi Gazi
15.06 *Music Moments* - favourite old songs
16.10 *Sale Journey*
17.10 *Economist's Magazine*
17.30 *Of Men and Figures*
18.06 *Any Questions?*
18.48 *Today in Sport*
19.05 *Today* - radio newscast
19.30 *This Week in the Knesset*
20.05 *Roots* - folklore magazine

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air
7.07 "707" - with Alex Anski

8.05 Morning Newsletter
9.05 Right Now - with Rafi Reichef
11.05 Israeli Autumn - with Eli Yisraeli
12.05 Regards - to and from soldiers serving in Lebanon
13.15 Two Hours
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 Evening Newsletter
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music Today - music magazine
21.00 Mahar - TV Newsletter
21.30 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Popular zones

23.05 Reads - with Hanoch Ron

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The knish connection

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

OHI HOW I YEARN for the food of my youth, the knishes and kreplach, the gefilte fish and the cholent.

Wait a minute. Who am I kidding? True, I grew up in a good Ashkenazi home, but to be quite honest, I ate a lot more hamburgers than knishes, more roast turkey than cholent.

And I suspect that my experience is far from unique, not only among Jews coming from America, but even among those who grew up in Eastern Europe during the past few generations. The traditional food of Eastern Europe seems to be mostly a memory, and a synthetic memory at that.

Indeed, from my reading, I get a picture of Eastern European Jewry in which extreme poverty was so widespread that, indeed, few had money for anything more than bare subsistence. Even in our present straitened condition, we are far better off.

But for all that, the minute the weather turns chilly and the first winter rains fall, I seek out restaurants serving the dishes that my forebears might have eaten, had they been able to afford them.

This time I went to Tel Aviv, the home of most of the country's Yiddish restaurants, and sought out the Pletzl, on the corner of Frishman and Shlomo Hamelech. The name, of course, refers to the old Jewish quarter of Paris, which now houses more immigrants from North Africa than from Poland, although it is still the place to go if you are looking for *carpe à la juive* or other traditional dishes.

UNFORTUNATELY, it was the gefilte fish that was the greatest disappointment at the Pletzl. It was heavy and rather bready and the jelly was not jelled, a sure sign that the fish had not been cooked in a broth made with the discarded head, skin and bones. The one good thing I could say for it was that, for a change, it was not sweet. But were to the Litzvaks if that is all they can come up with.

This was a great pity, since the ambience was truly delightful, with heavy wooden furniture and a selection of paintings on the walls that made me nostalgic for a place I had never seen. I was also a little amused

by the proliferation of pictures of rabbis in a restaurant that has no kosher certificate.

All this is not to say that I did not enjoy the other hors d'oeuvres that were spread before us. I particularly appreciated the chopped liver, replete with fried onions and crisp *grubenes*, pieces of fried goose skin. Nor could I find fault with the *pachta*, known in the vernacular as jellied calf's foot, or the home-made pickled herring.

Nor must I forget the piano player, who included in his repertoire the contribution of both Israel and America to what we know as Yiddish culture. The food and the music seemed to cry out for beer, and it took two bottles apiece, on a not very warm evening, to wash it all down.

FOR A MAIN course, I ordered roast duck, served with apple sauce which was good, tender, and not too dry, a little fat for my taste. But after all, what does a bit more schmaltz matter? Served alongside was a perfectly-cooked potato and, in a separate serving dish, cabbage, heavily seasoned with *kimmel* and carrots, which were not overly sweet. I am happy to say that here is a restaurant specializing in Eastern European Jewish food which does not use sugar with a heavy hand.

My companion tried the roast veal which was quite tasty, even if the



mushrooms were from a tin. The mélange of other vegetables, including tomato, pepper and onion, did tend to overcome the tinny taste; but of course it would have been nice had they used fresh, or even dried, mushrooms.

The *pièce de résistance*, however, was an item I ordered, almost by chance, as a side dish: a stuffed goose-neck. The neck, sewn up in the traditional manner, was delightfully crisp on the outside, light and savoury on the inside, and as good as

anything I have had in a home anywhere.

For dessert, I felt called upon to try the compôte and found it very satisfactory, with not only the usual prunes and dried apricots, but little dried, sour cherries as well. Curiously, it was served in the type of tall dish which in my youth I associated with ice cream sundaes.

My companion's strudel had a light, flaky crust, even if it was not the paper-thin strudel crust I would have liked to see. The filling, with plenty of apples and chopped nuts, was very heavily seasoned with cinnamon, a little too much for her taste, but just right for mine.

With the dessert we had ten, served, I am happy to say, in pots. I might add that when the waiter, who had been very pleasant and attentive throughout the meal, noticed that my tea seemed rather cloudy, he whisked it away and brought me a fresh pot.

After all this, the proprietor offered us two sniffers of Grand Marnier, on the house, sending us from a stupor into complete oblivion.

The liqueur also served to soften somewhat the blow when we received the bill, which was \$23.80. At that price, it seems a place to go when your rich uncle comes to town. But at least it's a place where you won't be ashamed to take your rich uncle.

Energy as style



Laure Dean, dancer-choreographer appeared with the Bat-Dor Company.

DANCE

Dora Sowden

a dancer-choreographer who has her own company in New York, choreographs also for major companies like the Joffrey Ballet, composes the music for most of her own works (though not for this one). She is 38, beautiful and Jewish.

About her career, she said during her stay here. "My parents were not happy about my becoming a dancer, until my mother read that Clive Barnes [the famous dance critic] called me a genius."

With all that - dancing in leading companies, touring with her own group - she is modest and frank. "I am known in the dance community," she said, "but that doesn't mean I'm a big name."

This is not strictly true. She and her company have travelled in Europe, Japan, India, Indonesia, New Zealand. They have appeared on major television networks, and Dean herself has received many prizes, including a *Dance Magazine* Award for "outstanding achievement."

How should one describe her style? "Energy," she said. "I keep close to Einstein, who said that matter is

energy and energy is matter. And I've changed the saying by Descartes 'I think, therefore I am' to 'I am, therefore I think.' Times change, but emotions are constant."

The greatest influence on her, she said, was Merce Cunningham, "in basics, not in his vocabulary. Everything you do must come from within. I was emotionally on a roller-coaster at one time. Then one day I sat down, not to meditate, just to sit still. Do you know how difficult that is? Then I began with simple moves. It was so good, this feeling of energy."

At first she worked with students. "I had no money, but that didn't stop me. It shouldn't stop anyone." Gradually, she attracted better dancers. "Now at auditions I get about 400 and I'm lucky if I find one with that strong sense of rhythm necessary for my dances. It takes months to learn the kind of movement I use in my work. The balance has to be physical, mental and spiritual."

HANS VAN MANEN, the Dutch choreographer, approached his work differently. He also used eight dancers, but they appeared together in the beginning and end "songs" and mostly in couples during the other seven sections.

The men in grey tights and flowing blouses open to the waist, the women in attractive dresses (by Jean Paul Vroom), danced duets that were at all times elegant and romantic, but challenging too. Van Manen has here created a sort of Mendelssohniana, as Fokine made *Les Sylphides* into a sort of Chopiniana.

It was all full of subtle intent, absolute charm, and passion and pride - a wonderful addition to any repertoire, beautifully danced by all.

DOMY REITER SOFFER'S new work *After Midnight* (music: Pink Floyd, Kitaro, Count Basie), staged by the Bat-Dor Company in the same theatre a few nights later (October 31) could be called a companion piece, with a humour quite distinct from the Van Manen wit and the Dean drive.

Against a streaked, cycloramic sky, out stepped a jazzy, jaunty figure (Reda Sheta), his hoodlum hat and black get-up marking him as a creature of the night - cool, accustomed to admiration, but alone.

Oh yes, he "picked up" two girls and danced with them. Oh yes, he responded to the dame (Jeanette Ordman) in the fetching red-and-black outfit (by Gershon Bram), but with a certain aloofness, even when the two did an apache dance - modern style. He whirled her round himself, threw her over his shoulder (her backward bend extraordinary), but it was a sort of mirage-dance by moonlight or dawnlight.

Others came in looking like old-time ladies (veiled) and men (top-hatted); but they soon slid out of that beat and these clothes into high-jinks jazz. Though the hoodlum at one point twirled a stick with an independent air, he finally threw in the bat - to the dame.

Reiter-Soffer here showed a new side to his choreographic creativity; but the surprise was not so much in this work as in the revival of his *Mirage* (October 27). The 11-year-old duet, as danced by Ordman and Sheta, had a flow of unusual lifts that merged into one another with a remarkable smoothness. The powerful impact, which Monchali Seter's music greatly enhanced, confirmed the enduring quality of this Freudian dream.

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CONDUCTING an orchestra seems to be a most fascinating vocation, since so many young music students and even older experienced instrumentalists are constantly drawn to it.

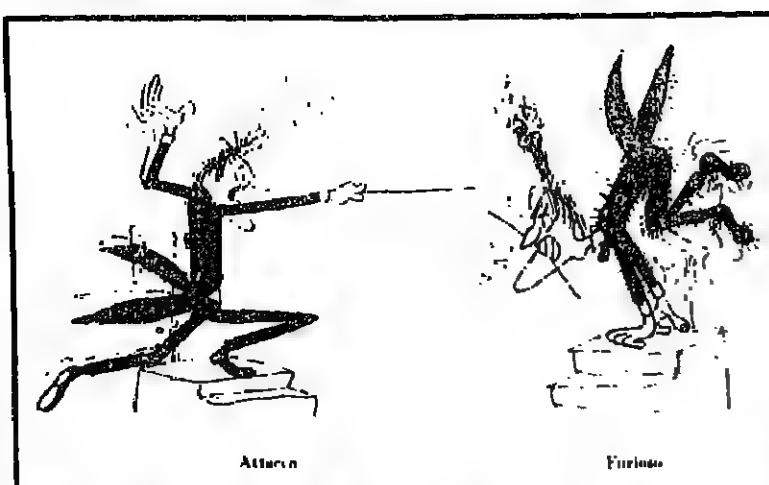
The first half of this century is noted for a veritable galaxy of masters of the baton, including Arthur Nikisch (1855-1922), who for the last 27 years of his life was conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras, the most prestigious ensembles of the time; Gustav Mahler (1860-1911); Arturo Toscanini (1867-1957); Willem Mengelberg (1871-1951), who made the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam famous, conducting it for nearly 50 years; Bruno Walter (1876-1962); Pierre Monteux (1875-1964) who started out with the famous Diaghilev Ballet before World War I; Serge Koussevitzky (1874-1951); Leopold Stokowski (1882-1977) and Otto Klemperer (1885-1973).

In the popular field, Arthur Fiedler (1894-1979) led the Boston Pops for over 40 years and Eugene Ormandy (born in 1899), who joined the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1930, is still happily conducting it.

This albeit restricted list highlights a very important characteristic: most of these conductors lived to a ripe old age; Leopold Stokowski, for example, continued conducting until his death at the age of 95. This may prove that conducting is, at the very least, a healthy occupation.

IN THE EIGHTIES, we can count our outstanding conductors on two hands: Leonard Bernstein, 64; Zubin Mehta, 48; Claudio Abbado, 51; Ricardo Muti, 43; Seiji Ozawa, 49; Lorin Maazel, 54; and Bernard Haitink, 55, with George Solti and Carlo Maria Giulini, both 72, representing the "older" generation. Our own contribution to this list may include Ory Bertini, 57, and Daniel Barenboim, 42.

I have, for the sake of brevity, omitted many talented conductors of all nations, but nevertheless it seems that the generation of "giants" has yet to be equalled. As this is not an isolated phenomenon - it is also true of politics, for example - we may be inclined to attribute it to the emphasis on technology in the second half of the century, with a



To the baton born

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

corresponding general decline of humanistic interests and values.

Technique is also throwing a negative shadow over the musical sphere: instrumentalists win prizes at competitions for playing louder and quicker than the other contestants, not for cultured performances or musical interpretation, and the same can be said of conducting. The accent is on virtuosity in mastering scores of rhythmically difficult and visually complex compositions. While master classes and summer courses with prestigious instructors make important-looking additions to the curriculum vitae of a young man in search of a career, they can hardly give him important directions for the future.

The late Igor Markevitch dreamed of founding and directing a school for conductors, contending that in the present system at music academies, conducting is only one subject, coming after theoretical and instrumental instruction. Markevitch pleaded for a curriculum teaching everything from the viewpoint of a conductor, as the means and the end, not simply as one objective among others. Unfortunately, he could never realize this dream.

THERE IS A PROBLEM in defining the special qualities a conductor

needs. Excellent artists like violinist Isaac Stern, baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and flautist Jean-Pierre Rampal, all took up conducting at various times. Fortunately, however, they each gave it up quite soon, feeling perhaps that they could not get the orchestra to realize their ideas of interpretation. And nobody could accuse these artists of insufficient personality or ego.

On the other hand, apparently lacking that virtue of self-criticism, Pinhas Zuckerman, one of the best violinists of our time, and the greatest cellist of them all, Mstislav Rostropovich, continue their conducting activities, despite adverse critical reactions.

In practice, every orchestra musician is an expert on conducting. Sitting at his desk, he observes the man facing him with a critical eye and feels that he himself could do much better. And, as we have had plenty of occasion to note, once these worthy gentlemen somehow make it up to the rostrum, they too, fail miserably. Suddenly charged with conveying to their colleagues in sign language indications of tempo, entries, dynamics, phrasing and all the interpretive details, the demands are too great and the result is either ignoble or catastrophic.

Like all performing artists, a con-

ductor must have his own special charisma. It is partly the willpower to impose his ideas on the musicians who constitute the orchestra, but this force has to be applied with psychological awareness to obtain optimum results, without losing goodwill or cooperation. It needs economy in rehearsal; the ability to correct mistakes without getting stuck; a fine ear; a clear conception of the desired sonorities; clear ideas of the sound quality produced by the various instrumental groups and combinations - and then that elusive quality of human contact with the musicians.

IN FORMER TIMES, young musicians mostly came to the rostrum via the orchestra, but had to go through an often agonizing period of years slaving at opera houses as coaches for slow-learning singers and choruses, until they were "promoted" to assistant conductors. This allowed them to conduct a Christmas pantomime or an operetta; and if the conductor fell ill, his understudy was allowed to jump into the breach and take over the performance at the shortest notice. Some of the big conducting names started their careers in this way, in the days before conducting competitions.

Undoubtedly, prestigious international contests which have set some high standards can provide a young conductor with a short cut, and the relatively new institution of the agent can help still further, but in the end only a really talented individual will acquire a reputation and be able to build up a career commensurate with his personality.

And that, in the final analysis, is the paramount quality which makes a conductor. It cannot be acquired in a music academy or in any course; one is born with it, and it has to be developed on as broad a basis as possible, utilizing experience and, above all, a wide knowledge of literature, art and social and political changes plus a million complementary details of human endeavour, hopes, dreams, searches and researches in science and philosophy. Add to this a love of nature, and you have an impossible demand on one human being!

THE SHORTCOMING of most young aspirants is that they concen-

trate exclusively on their limited field of activity: learning the rudiments of beat. Even this basic skill is neglected: a parallel slaying of arms is no help to the orchestra musicians; they need clear and crisp indications for dynamics, phrasing, precise entries, balance of sound and lead in tempo. They study a score for rhythmic intricacies - Stravinsky scores of his early ballets are favourites - but they do not know what the music is supposed to express or represent.

I doubt if any of the young contestants at the recent competition arranged by the Haifa Symphony Orchestra have ever seen Weber's *Der Freischuetz*, whose overture they were to conduct with the orchestra, as the *Wolfschluhi* quoted from the opera conveyed nothing of its chilling atmosphere in their so-called "interpretations." Did anyone of them realize what a minute in Haydn's time was like? It did not come out in their directions to the orchestra.

It was commendable that Urs Schneider, chief conductor of the HSO, chose music from the classical and romantic repertoire for the contest, which required a demonstration of musicianship and not technical brilliance, which was absent anyway in all cases. And no curriculum vitae, no matter how impressive, could replace the missing understanding of the music in hand.

THIS IS NO fault of the students, perhaps, but of the institutions which are charged with preparing these young people for their demanding career. Ambitions and pretensions are not enough to make a conductor; in this cruel competitive world, no one can fool all the people all the time.

Unfortunately, it is often the fault of dodging parents and teachers and instructors who either do not know better or do not care enough for their students to tell them the truth about their lack of suitability for such an undertaking. It is then up to concerned judges of competitions and the hapless critic - if he is worth his salt - to pronounce judgement, with one consideration only: seeking out the really gifted and psychologically strong personalities. It is service to music, and not only the satisfaction of personal ambition, that makes a good conductor.

IN TOLSTOY'S *Kreutzer Sonata*, the problem is matrimony; men (meaning males) cannot live with it, or without it (just like war?). The story of the husband who is driven (or rather, drives himself) by insane jealousy to the murder of his wife, is well known.

In the new Beit Leissin production, Asher Tzarfat's portrayal of Poshnyshchev impresses. His intensity of feeling, inner conflict and outer jumpiness, guilt and self-contempt, are quite infectious. The usual disadvantages of adapting novels for the stage, and of single-actor performances, don't impinge in this case, since *The Kreutzer Sonata* is built around the direct speech of one man telling his story to a silent listener. However, the violinist who accompanies part of the text with a sentimental rendering of Beethoven is superfluous and distracting.

For the most part, Ilan Ronen has done a good job of directing, and holds the attention. But some of the novel gets lost in the adaptation. It contains Tolstoy's mature and tortured meditations about sex, and women, and especially about the seductive and demoralizing character of art. These passages were left out in the performance. Another twenty minutes or so of text could well have been retained.

SOME DEMON, charged by Satan with spreading desolation throughout Israel, must have received the Order of Mephisto from his master for his latest achievement. This was to bring *Dallas* to a full stop just as it reached its climactic moment.

While we were celebrating Shimon Peres's marvellous feat of negotiating what seemed to be the completely non-negotiable package deal, this new calamity befell us. For weeks and weeks *Dallas* had moved as slowly as a speech by Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, and we would not have resented its closure in the slightest. Then it suddenly exploded like an atomic bomb, whereupon Israel Television blew the whistle on us. We may not know for months, perhaps ever, who survived the blast.

Southfork is ablaze, just after Miss Ellie installed some new rugs in the passage. Life is always like that: to improve your property is an invitation to catastrophe. I hope Miss Ellie remembered to notify the insurance company about the rugs, and to raise the cover on the furniture and fittings.

J.R. and that idiot Ray, who started the fire, are lying unconscious in the burning homestead. Sue-Ellen is upstairs, knocked out by a couple of bottles of Bourbon and an overdose of sedatives given her by a moronic medic, John Ross Junior is also upstairs, he is in the nursery. I don't know where his nanny is, or where the other servants are, but they are irrelevant, they're only Mexicans, anyway. Mickey is lying paralysed in Dallas Memorial. Pam is handing Bobby over to her scheming stepister Catherine on a plate. I don't know with whom Holly is sleeping now but I envy that person.

To stop a soap opera at so critical a juncture, with addicts clinging by their fingernails to the edge of a cliff, is an act of sabotage for which somebody must be executed. I assume that Israel TV bought a block batch of 13 episodes, without anybody bothering to check where we would be at the end of the thirteenth instalment. Now, even if they want to put us out of our misery, they cannot, we'll have to wait in the queue for months before we can get a copy, if we ever do.

If it is of any help to my readers, I will remind them that we do know that John Ross Jr. survives, because we saw him on *This is the Time*, grown up into the son of an Israeli woman living in Los Angeles named Katz. Incidentally, I am pleased to

Hanging on a cliff edge



TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

note that he became an attractive boy: he was one of the most revolting children I have ever seen on the screen, with the possible exception of Bobby's Christopher. Why they used these repulsive brats I can never understand: perhaps they wanted to remind us that money cannot buy everything, only 99.9 per cent of everything.

ACCORDING to *Hadashot*, the evening paper, a 13-year-old girl who recently went to London in search of culture wrote to them that she saw an episode of *Dallas* in which Sue-Ellen is alive, in love with Junior's swimming coach, Peter, who made her pregnant, but she has a car accident, and so loses the embryo. Mickey is dead, he was a vegetable put out of its misery by someone who loosened the tubes. Lucy loves Peter also, J.R. learned about Sue-Ellen's infidelity from a talkative doctor telling him about the lost child. Miss Ellie, despite overhearing Clayton in intimate conversations with Sue-Ellen - eavesdroppers in serials always misunderstand what they hear - marries him. Jock comes back alive. Pam divorces Bobby, but he marries Jean, not Catherine. He wins the fight against J.R., but they then form a government of national unity, as I advised them to do some time ago.

According to this letter to *Hadashot*, just as they've got out of the mess caused by Jock's will, Jock returns from the dead, no doubt to mess everything up again.

I pass this information on for what it is worth, without any guarantee that it is correct. In any case, it does not help us to find out what happened at Southfork on the night of the fire. Who got out of it alive? And how? Did a hurricane suddenly hit Texas, and extinguish the flames? Did Jock arrive with the local fire brigade? If any reader, who saw the missing fourteenth episode somewhere in his travels, will send me a synopsis, I will gladly publish it next week, to put my devoted readers out of their misery.

PEOPLE WHO watch soap operas like *Dallas* or its early progenitor, *Peyton Place*, fall into two categories. There are some, probably the great majority, who are sufficiently lowbrow to identify closely with the characters, and to fantasize that they are sharing the wealth and the adventures of all concerned. Other viewers, like myself, claim to have higher brows, and to watch with detachment and patronizing amusement, chuckling over absurdities of plot and character, just to while away an idle 50 minutes, or to check on what kind of bread and circuses

Hollywood is providing for the masses.

The essence of a good soap opera is that it must have extremely strong characters, some evil and some good, whom we can either exorcise or adore. Despite their lack of scruples, the villains must have considerable charm: J.R. is a really inspired creation. The good, like Bobby, must have the appeal of Kipling's "man who is half a boy."

But there is a Catch-22 to the characterization: consistency is not essential. To beat the villain, the hero has to outdo him in evil practices. Bobby out-manoeuvres J.R. through the use of every corrupt trick in the book. In this last episode, he tells Catherine that he was never the knight in shining armour that Pam thought he was. But this is a lie: when he was running the ranch, he was the embodiment of virtue.

Contrary to general belief, the plot does not need to be full of action. On the contrary, weeks can go by during which nothing happens: the script-writers probably go off for a vacation to Europe. During this period, we have nothing but conversations, often with somebody eavesdropping on them, and misinterpreting them, interspersed with interminable close-ups of faces registering thought and emotion, or simply the desire for a quick drink.

Movement is maintained by transferring from one face to another every few minutes - probably, in the U.S., after a break for advertisements - so that we may switch from Pam meditating about Bobby's fall from grace to Miss Ellie eavesdropping on Clayton, and then to Cliff being either manic or depressive.

Then, suddenly, the script-writers come home full of energy and new ideas, and the plot goes into action. Bang! Crash! Boom! Smash!

It is unfortunate that Israel Television, with its usual bad luck or faulty judgment, chose such an episode as its cut-off point.

URI GELLER, appearing on *This is the Time*, was literally out of this world. He was wonderful. I had no idea he was such an attractive personality: somehow, one expects a Merlin to be overwhelming and supremely self-confident. Geller came across as shy, diffident, humble, over-awed by his own achievements. He was as appealing as E.T.

In my household he scored 50 per cent success, when he asked us to bring things needing repair to the television set. It was not clear whether his ability to fix watches by

psychic power via the tube extended to digital watches, but I tried him out on one that had gone out of action. As it did not have a battery, I transferred one from a watch that did work. Now I have two digital watches that don't work. I count this as Geller's failure, unless he does something about them.

His success was achieved with a bedside lamp. I put this in front of the set, and then got a message from Mr. Geller that I should open it up and check the connections. One was loose, and I fixed it. Abracadabra! The lamp works!

I hope that our oil companies will take up his offer to help them prospect for oil, in the light of his 30 per cent success for American companies searching for minerals. It may go against the Israeli grain to take advice from a yored but it would be so splendid to share the OPEC headache about oil prices that I think we should make an exception in this case.

DAN MARGALIT'S *Meetings* brought us another stimulating confrontation between people treating each other with unexpected courtesy. In this case, they were Israeli Arabs.

On the one side were the moderates, a lawyer/mayor, a school principal and a woman social worker. They cooperate with the Jews, so as to attain some progress in day-to-day affairs. Mayor Massawa even believes that the best thing is internal work in the Labour Party.

Their radical opponents were two doctors and a teacher, who are convinced that there is no point at all in working with or through what they call the Zionist parties.

There was general agreement among the six of them that the strategic aim of the Israeli Arabs must be to attain recognition and equality for the Palestinians as a people. The disagreements were about tactics, how to get more schools, medical services, social welfare services, roads and electricity for the Arabs.

On the whole, they were all surprisingly optimistic about our reaching a stage when the two peoples will co-exist, and respect each other's right to independence. I doubt whether six Israeli Jews would come to the same conclusion. It was very encouraging, even inspiring.

Dan Margalit does a very good job, but he should stop interrupting when people develop interesting ideas, just to demonstrate that he is in control of the show.

The real enemy

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

fact, called a "precious" writer. Yet his language is concise and pared down. His melancholy is concealed by farcical effects.

Like many, he chose the ancient Homeric myth for his subject; but his Helen and her surroundings are highly original. She herself is frivolous, teasing, promiscuous, irresponsible, devoid of feeling for the joys and sorrows of those around her.

She exemplifies the cruelty of beauty - an objective cruelty: beauty cannot be possessed. It does not promise happiness, it does not return admiration. But for most Trojans she embodies sublimity, and is the emblem of the secret - unadmitted - love men harbour for war.

Hector is immune to her, perhaps

because he has fallen out of love with war. It is a pity that the character of the Mathematician has been removed from the Hebrew text; for in the fuller text he presents a mathematical-philosophical theory about Helen's contribution to the Trojan "landscape." True, Ulysses in a moment of frankness, admits that Helen is only a pretext for the Greeks; the motives for war are economic greed and masculine self-grandeur.

Yehoshua Sobol's Hebrew version appears to be a masterpiece; it conveys Giraudoux's peculiar tone. He has inserted terms highly suggestive of contemporary Israeli events and speech-patterns, without overmuch distortion of his author's context.

THE SAME holds of Michael Gurewitz's direction. He alludes to contemporary events in a restrained manner. The employment of pistols and machine-guns does not seem dissonant; it is rather amusing. But I was disappointed that the war's opponents are all sensible, clever and sane; and that its supporters are ridiculous, grotesque, or brutish. A director has a right to his own interpretation; but it seems to me that the horror of the then approaching war gets lost. The "national poet" of

Troy, Demokos, would have been more frightening if he had been less of a buffoon. Rami Danon plays him well as a ridiculous fool with an unconsciously menacing undertone, but it is a conception I did not like. Makram Khouri presents Hector, the protagonist, in a serious and straightforward manner, but the characterization is much too one-dimensional. Has he no inner conflict?

Giraudoux tried always to embody the mystery of humanity in young girls. His vehicle in this play is Cassandra, the prophetess of calamity. Hagit Ben-Ami's performance in this does not convey Cassandra's strength or her predicament. Tatiana Olier-Canelis conveys only Helen's frivolity, not her fatal beauty. Ilan Toren is exactly right as Ulysses; so is Yigal Naor, in a rather stereotyped way, as Ajax, the war-monger. Gitta Luka's Queen Hecuba is a wonderful piece of acting: down-to-earth, humorous, humane, self-assured in her femininity. Shmuel Wolf is good as an opportunistic, warmongering expert on international law.

The Haifa Municipal Theatre deserves three cheers for having undertaken this difficult task. It was very much to the point in Israel years ago; alas, it still is.

THE ELIMINATION, or end play, is a standard tool in every declarer's kit. And while eliminations are easy to see after the fact, or when you've been a victim of one, they are not necessarily simple to identify at the crucial moment.

Hugh Kelsey, the prolific British bridge writer, has devoted his latest work to the subject (*Test Your Elimination Play*, Master Bridge Series, London, Victor Gollancz, 80 pp. paperback, £2.95). Below are two deals from an excellent work, in which all 36 deals are material for the serious student of the game.

Deal 1
Vul: both

North	South (D)
♠ Q 6 5	♠ A K 2
♥ 10 9 5	♥ A K 7 4
♦ A Q 7	♦ 8 4 3
♣ K 9 4	♣ A 6

Kelsey's latest

BRIDGE / George Levinrew

SOUTH PLAYS in four hearts, reached after East-West pass throughout. On the opening lead of a spade, East plays low and declarer wins with the king.

There are two possible losers in both spades as well as in diamonds. South can finesse in diamonds, or force East to lead a diamond into the ten-ace. It is unlikely, judging by the lead, that West led from the spade ace.

TO FORCE a diamond lead declarer must first eliminate clubs and spades. He plays three rounds of clubs, ruffing the third, and collects the outstanding trump in three rounds. Then he attacks spades, leaving diamonds for the end game.

He plays a low spade. If West plays with the ten he is allowed to hold the trick. He may switch to a diamond, and if so declarer goes up with the ace. He is certain he can force East to win the spade ace. At this point a spade or club lead by East gives declarer a ruff and a discard of the losing diamond. On the lead of a diamond by East the queen in dummy is established.

THE BIDDING, with East and West passing throughout:

North	South
1♣	1♦
2♦	4♣
All Pass	

Deal 2
Vul: E-W

North (D)	East
♠ Q 6 3	♠ 9 4
♥ 6 5	♥ Q 9 8 3 2
♦ A 9 6 4	♦ K J
♣ A Q 7 2	♣ K J 9 4

West	South
♠ 8 5 2	♠ A K J 10 7
♥ K 10 7 4	♥ A J
♦ Q 7 5	♦ 10 8 3 2
♣ 10 8 5	♣ 6 3

THIS DEAL, more complex than Deal 1, requires a partial elimination and a finesse in clubs, if necessary.

A low heart was led to the queen in East. Declarer counts as losers one heart, two diamonds, and possibly a club. But a club finesse will not be necessary if East can be forced to lead this suit.

South starts eliminating hearts by allowing East to hold the queen and

winning the anticipated heart return with the ace. Two top trumps are played, allowing one trump to remain with the opponents. (Pulling only two trumps facilitates a ruff and sluff if another heart should be lead.)

The hope now is that East must win the second diamond. So a diamond goes to the ace and returned East's king. He is then stuck. It does no good for the defence if East unblocks with the king under the ace, for declarer now no longer loses a second diamond. Even if the club finesse now fails, the contract is made.

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AN ARTIST gripped by his work often searches for the soul of a subject to determine its emotional balance and its physical fibre. More often than not, this kind of foray into the metaphysical world, lying somewhere between ground zero and sheer imagination, shows up on canvas or plinth as abortive cult symbolism, spiritually anointed and mysteriously draped in the artist's personal experience.

Uri Stettner, a painter of many talents, shows a group of recent canvases in which he has virtually peeled away several layers of matter from the objects he chose to portray in order to adventure deep into their "molecular" structure as a means of describing shape and surrounding spatial tensions. The result is a group of beautifully painted pictures whose real subject is not the rendering of objects but their regeneration into fields of transparent surface energies.

Stettner concentrates on one basic theme: an interior (studio) with table, still-life objects in the form of bottles, random pieces of fruit, clutter, a table lamp, a chair and, in several larger frames, a seated figure.

Using these stable elements, he begins to dissect their shapes, colour properties, volumes, and relationships to other objects, sending bisecting and tangent lines created by the cleavage of form into random corners of the composition. His drawing attack, the smashing and subsequent dispersion of the pictorial particles, establishes a fantastic sense of underlying abstract dynamism.

Looking at a Stettner painting often reminds one of very slowly entering a dusty, unkempt, darkened room. One waits patiently for the iris to dilate and blis or reality to emerge, until black unfolds into light and the hints of colourful spots actually contain and unify the pieces of the puzzle.

In this fashion, Stettner combines the drawing of the "ghost" and pulsating lines with a subtle palette that in many cases is hardly there. With the influences of Cézanne and Giacometti still lurking, he maintains a preference for greyed blues, violets, cool greys. But he has re-

Peeling away reality



Jacques Grinberg: painting (Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv).

cently adopted a group of calamine pinks, burnt oranges and lemon yellows that float around the canvas with no apparent attachment to a fixed system of laying on colour.

His choice of colour is delicate and strong, kept in stride by a fragile handling of the surface, a refusal to lay heavy impasto or allow coagulation in any set area.

Colour shapes rarely surface in a Stettner painting. Densities are forged by a myriad transparent and opaque mixtures of line and scumble that echo, not illustrate, matter or space.

The archetypal structure of Stettner's room (walls, mouldings, windows), used in previous shows as a modular unit into which objects were meant to fit, is much less rigid in this set of paintings, a change that lends a greater sense of vibration to the surface without diminishing to overall grace. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv) Daily 6-8 p.m., till Nov. 15.

PAN AND THE White Rock angel, a surreptitious wolf man, the voyeur... they are all settled into the explosive black and white brush drawings

by Menachem Hirschhaug'e. Using the entire surface of paper by the metre, he bites into his pictures with a ferocity that is both threatening and beautiful. The figure drawing is reductive yet solid and sophisticated, in that nothing of the gesture or vitality of the human form is lost to the infidelity of the quick, wet brush, the smudge, or the overworked, scratched surface.

Hirschhaug'e has created drawings of consequence. The ease with which he moves from idyllic pastures to groups of fear-ridden people to animals and allegories is alluring and refreshing. He is undaunted by the picture format. Edges are for leaving. Cutting of shape and form only dramatizes the compositions.

His emotional content is always high, for he never describes a human condition in genre terms, but lets the figure slip into a nether world filled with impassioned, fiery landscapes, and mystical, shadowy beings. The subject is matched by a drawing style full of clearly-defined cuts, barbs, abrasive patches and etched lines in black shapes (shades of Picasso, the great voyeur in 347), all paralleling the softer, passive, human flesh. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hos, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 23.

BEGINNING at the floor and climbing up the wall, several black, rectangular frames enclosing dense black wash drawings on faded olive paper are the essence of a single work described as "About Sculpture" by Serge Spitzer.

A sculptor by definition and a conceptualist - theoretician by trade, Spitzer has attempted to create a pictorial system whereby two-dimensional art (drawing, painting, graphics) dissolves or is visually transmogrified into a three-dimensional state (sculptural form, architectural volume, installation).

The combined effect of the rectangular frames and the boulder-shaped drawn volumes emit visual assumptions that could be treated as ideas leaning towards architecture and volume. Conjecture, however, is only part of the conceptualist's set of criteria for understanding the full scope of the project.

On the face of it, Spitzer's half dozen quasi-drawings appear ex-

actly as they are. The synthesis between flat and round, surface and plane, illusion and touchable mass, is still part of his theory and hardly a fulfilled art statement. (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hahaham, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 16.

SMACK IN THE shadow of his recent exhibit of coloured drawings, act two is devoted to Jacques Grinberg's large canvases, painted between 1968 and 1984. Born in this country in 1941, Grinberg studied at the Avni Institute before leaving permanently for Paris, where he was a founding member of the influential group called "Nouvelle Figuration."

Like his drawings, his oils are strongly narrative in a symbolic manner calling on large, bold images of head (human and equine), primitive masks, mechanized features and geometric machinations.

Whatever the subject, Grinberg has a manner of painting by which he successfully penetrates one's senses. His power of visual "persuasion" is helped by the reductiveness of the subject-matter, simple, yet controlled colour and active sub-themes within each major composition. His content sways between flashes of Guernica and Motherwell, with much of his own persona mixed in. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 20.

MOREL DRAPLER joins sensitively photographed pot plants, cacti and other plant life into a carefully designed partnership with geometric designs. The geometry takes the form of black, dark-room created shapes, or real environmental conditions such as the corner of an outdoor courtyard. In the latter, greenery is compositionally described within the stone walls and cast shadows.

Quite often, Drapler's photos are exotic and orientalized, while at other times there is a narrative connotation to the knife-edged palm or pointed cactus. What makes these photos unique are their total lack of artistic chance or intuition. The stoical photographer has achieved deliberate theatrical goals. (Gallery for Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 13.

Gil Goldfine

THIS WEEK the newest art-gallery and the oldest art-gallery in Haifa launched projects of beneficence.

The Invalids' Club, recently opened with the assistance of the Municipality and the Lions Club, has inaugurated a series of exhibitions for its members and the general public in the only venue in town accessible to people in wheelchairs. Founder and director Tibor Goldman is helped by Saul Scherman, who, for the opening, has donated colour-woodcuts, lithos, facsimile and other reproductions of Moshe Gat from his collection, to be sold on behalf of the association. A few oils, belonging to the artist, are also included.

Moshe Gat is an Israeli painter who has remained loyal to the human form and humane message. With superb draughtsmanship he exposes his familiar subjects: the dignified, toll-worn old and the grave-eyed young.

Visually, there is a manifest harmony, notwithstanding conceptual contrasts: motionless bodies and faces and impelling expressiveness of detail; passionate sympathy for his subjects shown in almost camera-like objectivity; depiction of forms in three-dimensional, realistic style fixed to the surface of the picture plane.

To Moshe Gat's warm and human

Loyal to humanity

approach the more natural simplicity of woodblock is most suitable among the prints. The soft, diffused colours of his lithographs shown here, made by the famous Mourlot of Paris, lack his usual impact. More recent woodblock prints in the show add a brownish-red colour to his blacks. The grain of the wood shows through (like in Munch's "The Kiss"), but is interwoven with the design to defuse high drama. The prints express instead a permeating sense of inevitable, mute pain. (Invalids' Club, 69 Allenby Rd., Haifa. Till Nov. 11.)

GOLDMAN'S Art Gallery is exhibiting original prints and paintings, each by a different artist, for a portfolio entitled "The Heart and the Rainbow," emblems of the Variety Club and the Anne Karen Rain-bow Centre of Los Angeles, organizations devoted to assist in the cure and rehabilitation of gravely ill or handicapped children.

It was Herbert Goldman, the gallery's owner, who suggested to the Los Angeles-based couple, MeraLee and Leonard Goldman, founders of the Rainbow, that the

album be published, with the two symbols serving as a common theme. The proceedings will contribute to the Rainbow project, and to the cost of an ultra-modern pediatric and educational institution for the handicapped, on land adjacent to the Knesset, donated by the Jerusalem Municipality.

Exhibited are eight works comprising the album, hand-printed at workshops in Haifa, Ein Hod and Jerusalem, of high technical standard, as well as paintings prepared for the project by artists from Israel (Abeshaus, Agam, Kadishman, Raffi Kaiser, Heinz Seelig and Yigal Zemer), and two international painters (Adami and Arman).

Agam begins his movingly poetic introduction to the album alluding to the biblical story of Noah and the passages about the "bow," token of God's covenant with all living beings, and a promise of life. He then describes "the immateriality of light and the subtle transparencies of air and water" of the "Heavenly Rainbow."

Abeshaus offers, in a surrealist landscape, a happy visual pun on the

two meanings of "bow" (*keshet*; identical in Hebrew and English). He illustrates also the familiar optical experiment of the sun's rays falling on a prism and being refracted, so that they emerge as coloured bands of the spectrum, exemplified in nature by the rainbow.

Since its hues are the primary working tools of painters, it is no wonder that most of the artists chose to represent the rainbow in distinct coloured stripes, instead of the phenomenon described, but not designed, by Agam.

Heinz Seelig placed his charmingly naive "Noah's Ark" into geometric frames, customary in the newer Israeli Biblical-illustration school. Formally he owes much to H. Rousseau, whereas Shmuel Bonneh, in his mystical, heavily painted "Noah's Vision" is indebted to Rouault. Raffi Kaiser is the only painter to depict a realistic rainbow over the excellently drawn silhouette of Acre. Lena Liv, in two subtle watercolours, had the original idea of presenting the rainbow from above, together with a flying saucer and an inset of glass reflecting the spectrum, intimating perhaps the universal laws that govern all nature. Kadishman unites rainbow and earth through the use of colours.

Oded Felingersh's gripping gouache shows a pathetic little figure in a hospital, defined in shadowing. Above the child appear part of a rainbow and a blue bird, to bring colour into the monochrome space. This is perhaps a fitting symbol, in artistic terms, of the hope offered, bridging the continents. (Goldman Gallery, Haifa. Till Dec. 31.)



"Portrait of an old Spanish Woman" by Moshe Gat. Oils on canvas.

NEW Exhibition in Haifa: Abraham Segall paintings. (Artists' House, 24 Hazonut. Till Nov. 20.) Edith Yarga-Biro

"KOSHER is beautiful" is a slogan sometimes heard in modern Orthodox circles in the U.S. - and it would be a good motto for my column this week. Recently, I have encountered two young enterprises in Israel which demonstrate incontrovertibly that kosher can be aesthetic, elegant and even exotic. One is a meat shop chain, the other a glatt-kosher Chinese restaurant.

I've also revisited the meat department of the Super-Sol chain, which pioneered here in the aesthetic presentation of fresh beef and continues to have its devoted clientele, particularly among the English-speaking public.

DELICATIV is the brainchild of a dynamic 39-year-old former owner of a meat-packing plant in Australia, Robert Rockman, who immigrated from Melbourne five years ago, was so appalled at the way most beef was presented for sale here that for the first few months he only ate chicken.

About a year ago, he opened the first Delicativ shop in the Dizengoff Centre shopping mall in Tel Aviv, together with Avraham Dan, an Israeli certified accountant. Their enterprise is based on the premise of selling first-class kosher meat products in a clean, well-lighted place, with friendly and knowledgeable sales personnel. Most items are sold pre-packaged in self-service freezer or chiller bins. Smoked meats are also sliced to order and sold by weight.

There are already three branches - in the main streets of Ramat Gan, Kfar Sava and Ra'anana - and plans for a countrywide chain, mostly on a franchise basis.

Delicativ has two principal lines. One is a full range of the smoked and cured meats from Tiv Tirat Zvi, a kibbutz firm in the Beit She'an Valley. This sausage plant carries a number of unique speciality products in addition to all the usual smoked goods. For instance, it has American-style all-beef hot dogs and has a fantastic Milano-style salami. The Tiv Tirat Zvi smoked veal breast is said to be superb, and at Dizengoff Centre, Delicativ sells it in sandwiches on a French-style baguette with real French mustard.

Tiv Tirat Zvi smoked products are not easy to come by. The only other Tel Aviv shop I know which carries them regularly is the neighbourhood delicatessen Ma'adanei Sara at 131 Jabotinsky, just off Kikar Hamedina. The kosher hamburger chain, MacJack, serves Tiv Tirat Zvi hot dogs.

Many of its products are no more expensive than comparable smoked meats from other top-level firms such as Zoglobock of Nahariya and Hod Lavan. However, some of its speciality items are a bit pricey, perhaps with good reason.

The second line of products at Delicativ consists of top-quality fresh local veal and young beef, koshered, pre-packaged and frozen by the Tivon Veal plant near Haifa. The beef comes from the choice hindquarters, which have undergone "trebering" (*nikur*), as kosher demands. I have had the sirloin steaks from Tivon Veal and they are out of this world - but then, so are the prices. Last Friday, Delicativ was selling the sirloin at IS2,000 a kilo. The fillet steak was even dearer.

N.B. All the prices quoted in today's column are those prevailing last Friday, November 2, immediately before the three-month freeze.

ONE COULD shrug and say that Delicativ's prices are the cost of luxury meat in Israel - except that this isn't necessarily so. A lot of what you are paying for is the convenience of having the meat pre-koshered and pre-packaged.

Meaty issues



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

At the Super-Sol chain, for instance, you could buy sirloin - which our butchers refer to as *sinta* or *rosbif* - for IS3,900 a kilo, or one third of the Delicativ price. The meat department manager, Moshe Katz, declares that it is exactly the same cut and quality, from steers only 12-18 months old. It is not koshered, unless the customer specifically requests this for a slight extra charge.

You won't see fillet of beef sitting out on your Super-Sol counter, but this price of cuts can be ordered in advance. At last report, it was fetching IS4,500 a kilo - and you had to buy a whole fillet, averaging 1.5 kilos, or find someone to share it \$0.50.

By comparison, Delicativ takes exactly three times as much for fillet too, but claims its packages contain only the choicest "heart of the fillet."

Rockman insisted that I try his ready-sliced chicken breast, intended especially for Chinese dishes. It was selling for the phenomenally high price of IS7,070 per kilo, with price-controlled boneless chicken breast, unsliced, fetching IS2,740. I found no difference in my usual wok-fried chicken with almonds. For a difference of over IS4,000 per kilo, I am prepared to slice a lot of chicken, especially if it's partially defrosted.

Rockman tries to justify his astronomical price by saying he is paying for the extra handling. So far, Delicativ has avoided trying to compete with the heavily subsidized price of standard, deep-frozen whole chickens, which the consumer has been getting at IS1,050 per kilo. Rockman is talking about introducing a line of freshly slaughtered whole chickens which he would sell koshered and frozen, presumably, as with his other lines, triple the standard price.

Super-Sol, for instance, has been selling very well-cleaned fresh chickens, not frozen, at IS1,760 a kilo.

(top rib), grinding, stew, soup, IS1,980; (8) *shir ha'zro'a* (shin), same uses, IS1,980; (9) *kashiti* (plate), same uses, IS1,760; (10) *tsavar* (neck), same uses, IS1,980.

These code numbers refer only to imported frozen beef. Many years back, the Beef and Mutton Production and Marketing Board, for fresh home-grown meat, published a leaflet and a chart explaining beef cuts, both the forequarters and hindquarters. Some of these charts are still floating around butcher shops, and they show an entirely different code-number system from that used by the Ministry of Industry and Trade for the cheaper imported beef. It can certainly confuse the consumer.

The consumer may also be confused by meat labels which read *kosher l'mehadrin* (strictly kosher) rather than simply *kosher*. The printed calling card for Delicativ and its Tiv Tirat Zvi line says *kosher l'mehadrin*, which Robert Rockman tells me means only that all its products are reliably kosher and certified by the local rabbinate where they are produced. It makes no claims to be "glatt kosher," or in Hebrew *halak*, which is a higher level of dietary observance in ultra-Orthodox circles.

He added that vegetarians will find plenty to eat at the restaurant. There are also arrangements for take-away orders and for on-location or home catering in the Gush Dan area.

Restaurant hours are 12 noon to midnight weekdays, 12 to 3 p.m. Fridays, and Saturday the doors open one full hour after the end of Shabbat.

Ten Li Chow is located at 3 Yordei Hasira, near the old Tel Aviv port. The Dutch Pancake House just next door has been taken over by the same management, and is certified as "kosher dairy." It features reasonably-priced light meals, particularly giant blintzes with savoury or sweet fillings. It also features a genuine old-fashioned wooden hand-organ, which customers may play.

There is another glatt kosher Chinese restaurant in Netanya. Called the Yang-Tze, it is on the same premises as the Galei Ruth at 11 King David Street. It provides take-away food and does catering for parties.

Martha Meisels

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS2415 per line including VAT. Insertion every day of the month costs IS2415 per line including VAT per month.

JERUSALEM

CONDUCTED TOURS

Tourists and Visitors: Come and see the General Israel Museum. Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building. Free public tours: weekdays between 9:15-11:15 a.m. and 2:15-4:15 p.m. Tel. 523291.

HABASSAH: Guided tour of all installations. 4 hourly tours at Karyat Hadesah and Hadesah Museum. Scenic tour of the city. Reservations: 02-416333, 02-46271.

HEBREW UNIVERSITY: 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Buses 9 and 28.

2. Mount Scopus tours: 11 a.m. from the Brounman Reception Centre, Sherman Building. Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-582249.

AMIT WOMEN (formerly American Mizrahi Women): Free Morning Tours - 8 Alkali Street, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-609222.

Ennash-World Tel. Zimla Women, 26 Ben Mahaneh: Tours on projects: 02-662468, 60620, 87817, 81112, morning: 053-0659; 01-29041.

Tel Aviv

CONDUCTED TOURS

AMIT WOMEN (formerly American Mizrahi Women): Free Morning Tours - Tel Aviv, Tel. 220187, 234106.

WIZON: To visit our projects call Tel Aviv, 232909, Jerusalem, 2-9400, Haifa 39837.

POLSKA WOMEN - KAMAT: Morning tours. Call reservations: Tel Aviv, 240196, Haifa.

The Reuben and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa University: is open daily except Fridays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and on Tuesday afternoons from 4-6 p.m.

What's On in Haifa: 04-6410810.

Other Centres

VISIT THE WEIZMANN HOUSE, KEN-HOVOT: The Weizmann House is open Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-3.30 p.m.; closed on Friday, Saturday and holidays. For group tours please book in advance by calling: 054-832201 or 83326.

Moshe Meir Modlin, Shalom with Rabbi Moshe Shmuel, and M-Laviv make: Tel. 08-237300, 085-12246.

VISITING HOURS:

Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 5-9 p.m. Sat. 11 a.m.-2 p.m.; 7-10 p.m. Friday closed.

27 Shaul Hameloch Blvd. tel: 257361

Information and box office: 261287

THIS WEEK

AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

EXHIBITION

ZARITSKY: A RETROSPECTIVE (Opening Tuesday, 13.11, at 8.00 p.m.)

For the first time after 30 years, a retrospective exhibition of one of the masters of Israeli art. 66 years of work in a show that includes more than 340 works, in oil, watercolour and pencil. Watercolour portraits and landscapes from the early periods of his work, large canvases of his best works from the 'New Horizons' period to his late works of the last decade, including his most recent works, executed in the summer of 1984. The exhibition was made possible by the support of Lela and Dolfi Eber, The Buxbaum Netiv Foundation, The Division of Culture and Art, Ministry of Education and Culture, and The Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art. The publication of the catalogue was made possible by the generous contribution of Ayal Zacks-Abramov and the Israel Phoenix Assurance Company Ltd.

ANCIENT ART OF SARDINIA
THE ZONE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESAIAS BAITEL (Closing on Saturday, 10.11)

A SELECTION FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTIONS OF CLASSICAL, 20th CENTURY AND ISRAELI ART

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

CAMPUS AT THE MUSEUM. First programme: 'Ways of Interpretation' with Prof. Arie Vardi (in Hebrew). Tuesday, 13.11, at 8.30 p.m.

THE FRANCOIS SCHAPIRA COMPETITION FOR MUSICAL PERFORMANCE. Stage one. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at 9.30 a.m.

CINEMA - Premiere screenings. THE HOLY INNOCENTS (Spain, 1984, in colour, 105 min., Spanish dialogue, with Hebrew and English subtitles). The story of a family of vassals in conflict with the land owners. Daily at 4.30, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION
6 Tzurat St., Tel Aviv Tel. 289750, 287188

VISITING HOURS: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.; 5.00-7.00 p.m. Sat. 11.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. Friday closed.

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Meet the Israeli Artist - Motti Mizrahi and Miki Nishri; Amund Hammer Collection, five centuries of masterpieces; Zvi Ben-Haim, sculptures and assemblages; Moshe Kuperman, paintings, works on paper; David Tarkenton, Pottery of Israel; Scaps, Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology.

Old Yishuv Court Museum. Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II, in Old Yishuv, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Shlomo and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shlomo. Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Pottery, Revival: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of works in Judaica by the gold and silversmithing Dept. of Bezalel Academy and Modern Pottery by Alexandra Zabl, Judith Green, Hanna Argand, Yael Berger and works by Yoram Rabinov, Ilana Holan, Koppel Gurwin, Hanna and Shlomo Rosen and Rachel Schumeli.

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects.

Ticho House: works by Anna Ticho, Ismaelkiet, library, garden cafe.

Galleries
Yakov Greenwurtel Gallery, Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for customs of modern art.

Other Centres
Hazzren, Wilfrid Israel Museum, Gedalia Ben Zvi: Sculpture and Painting, 3.11.84 - 8.12.84. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.; 3-6.30 p.m. During the week after coordination by telephone, 04-999311.

Israel Theatres Habima
The National Theatre

Tomorrow, Saturday, Nov. 10
ELEPHANT MAN - 8.30

The Cameri Theatre
of Tel Aviv

Tomorrow, Saturday, Nov. 10
MEASURE FOR MEASURE 8.30

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Sun.-Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. till 1 p.m. Herta and Paul Amirson, opp. Jaffa Gate. Tel. 02-282077.

Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, Opening Exhibition: Zaritsky, A Retrospective (Tue., 13.11 at 8 p.m.). Continuing Exhibitions: Art of Sardinia. The Zone: Photographs by Esaias Baitel. Selection from Museum collections of classical, 20th century and Israeli art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Dennis Oppenheim: factories, fire works 1978-84, machine-like assemblages. Museum Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thurs. 10-2:59, Fri. closed, Sat. 11-2:7-10, Helena Rubinstein Pavilion Sun.-Thurs. 10-1:57, Sat. 11-2.

Other Centres
Hazzren, Wilfrid Israel Museum, Gedalia Ben Zvi: Sculpture and Painting, 3.11.84 - 8.12.84. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.; 3-6.30 p.m. During the week after coordination by telephone, 04-999311.

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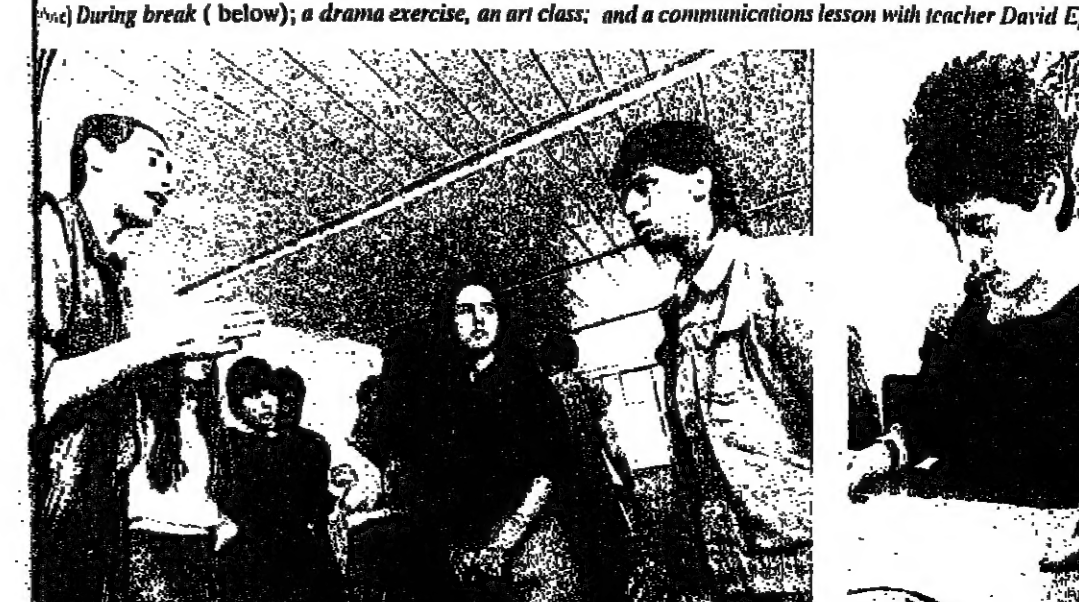
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During break (below); a drama exercise, an art class; and a communications lesson with teacher David Eppel.



An art lesson - everyone gets a taste of all the arts and regular matric subjects as well.



AS NOTED, the Jerusalem High

programmes in Jerusalem, such as French Hill's Masorati school and the Experimental School in Mahane Yehuda. Prof. Eliezer Marcus of the Hebrew University School of Education, who helped establish the Experimental School, and that school's current principal, Elitay Zimran, both lent their services to the planning of the arts school (the latter subsequently stole four or five pupils from the Experimental School). Two JHSA teachers, David Eppel and Yehuda Rosenblum, have long been associated with Jerusalem's Heled programme for gifted youngsters. Other teachers come from the widely respected Beit Hakurem seminary.

But what of the common cry that what Israel needs most is not more painters and stage directors, but scientists and engineers? Eppel deftly fielded that question in his Kol Yisrael office, where among other things he prepares a weekly science programme.

"As devoted as I am to science and technology," he says, "I don't think there's anything more important than the arts. One of the ideas I try to promote to my communications pupils is that science and technology give people a mode of living in which they'll have more time to develop their personal interests and to give those interests artistic expression. I mean, after all, how many scientists do we need? A limited number. But in the world that the age of high technology is creating for us, we're all going to have more and more free

School of the Arts is just over two months old, less the holidays, but it is under way and the pupils and faculty exude a palpable enthusiasm."

Yet despite the Beatles and David Bowie on the loudspeakers between classes, still to be established at the JHSA is what for want of a better word we may call the school's tone. Says Ze'evi:

"I think such a school calls for a delicate balance of order and freedom. If a boy comes to school with wild hair and earrings dangling from his ear, well, I think that's not out of character with an arts school. To forbid that would be artificial for what is, after all, a special school. Besides, you don't paint or sculpt or do stage work in your best clothes."

"On the other hand, I think there must be an emphasis that art, like any serious pursuit, is a disciplined business. I put an early stop to smoking and lounging about between classes. Our unusually small teacher-pupil ratio, with each of our 15 teachers responsible for seven pupils, allows for a high degree of intimacy and informality. But that doesn't alter the fact that these kids still have to get the work out and fulfil their requirements for matriculation and be creative on top of it all. So we've stressed that with all the joy that comes from working in the arts, it does mean working. We have no room here for the kind of anarchy that often prevails at so-called 'open' schools."

One art pupil who transferred to the JHSA from Jerusalem's Ex-

perimental High School told *The Jerusalem Post* that she finds her new environment surprisingly disciplined, and if anything wishes that the classroom instruction were more intensive. "But I think the best thing is the teaching. At my other school I had very good teachers, but here they're even more involved and concerned about what we're doing."

The quality of the faculty is what has especially struck communications teacher Gideon Drori, who was co-opted to the staff just a few weeks ago. "I'm really impressed with the teachers here," he says. "They're all very young and appear extremely dedicated to making this school a success. And I think it's those teachers who are setting the tone."

Adds art teacher Anat Shvadron: "What art teacher wouldn't be upbeat coming to a high school every day where the art is central to the curriculum? I call it a dream come true."

All this good spirit seems calculated to pay off, and at the very least is infectious. One woman tourist from Chicago was so pleased to be interviewed recently in downtown Jerusalem by the school's novice mediamen that she wanted to write out a cheque to the school as a donation on the spot.

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Forgotten friendship

In the early days of the Bolshevik regime, Zionism had some influential supporters in Moscow. Mikhail Agursky explores this little-known phenomenon.

IT IS WIDELY accepted that Soviet support of Israel began with Gromyko's famous speech in the UN in November 1947. There is, however, some evidence that Soviet-Zionist contacts were already in existence in 1941, just after the Nazi German attack against Russia.

It is also generally accepted that the Soviet decision to support Israel was made by the Kremlin in the wake of the new geo-political situation which emerged after the end of World War II, and that before that the USSR did not express any particular interest in the Middle East problem.

In fact, the Middle East problem, and more precisely the issue of the Yishuv, was on the Soviet agenda very soon after the revolution of 1917. Though the overwhelming majority of the Bolshevik leadership, including Lenin himself, were decisively against Zionism, one can discern that the opposite view was held by some in the Soviet establishment for a variety of strange reasons.

A very intriguing and strange fact was revealed by Nahum Goldmann concerning his conversations with the Soviet ambassador to France, Vladimir Potemkin, in 1934. Potemkin, according to Goldmann, stressed his favourable attitude to Zionism and told Goldmann that it was possible to persuade Stalin to support the Jewish Yishuv in Palestine. The main obstacle, according to Potemkin, were Jewish Communists in the Soviet leadership.

Goldmann reported other strange facts about Potemkin. He allegedly had a good command of Hebrew and at one time had intended to be a professional Hebraist. Goldmann's message was ignored by scholars. But it seems to shed some light on the riddle of Soviet political life and the Soviet attitude to Zionism long before its official recognition.

VLADIMIR POTEKIN apparently represented a hidden Soviet pro-Zionism which was quite ambivalent and by no means philo-Semitic or sentimental. It is also highly probable, in view of Stalin's approval of Potemkin, that he could have been one of Stalin's chief advisers on the Jewish and the Zionist problem.

Potemkin graduated from Moscow University in 1898 as a Hebraist; his M.A. thesis was on Herod, the subject of his doctoral thesis was the Jewish prophets. In 1901, as editor of a liberal Moscow newspaper, he was asked by Maxim Gorky, the famous Russian writer, to edit a collection of articles to raise money for Jewish victims of famine. Potemkin accomplished this task brilliantly and the collection, entitled *Support*, included articles by leading Russian intellectuals.

At the same time Gorky asked Potemkin to edit an anthology of Jewish writers and poets in Russian translation. It was never completed and was finally shelved in 1903. But in the course of his efforts Potemkin invited many Jewish authors to contribute. It was then that he discovered Haim Nahman Bialik, whom he read in manuscript in Hebrew. He immediately recommended Bialik to Gorky as a genius, and it was this



Vladimir Potemkin



Maxim Gorky



Andrei Gromyko

first recognition of Bialik from a Russian reader which later led to his enormous popularity among Russians. In 1904-1905 Potemkin published his doctoral thesis on the Jewish prophets in the leading Zionist monthly.

There are no other manifestations of Potemkin's Jewish concern and it seems likely that he gradually became less philo-Semitic. After the 1917 revolution Potemkin joined the Bolshevik party and in 1919 was appointed head of the political department of the southern front, where Stalin was the political commissar. From that time on Potemkin enjoyed Stalin's favour and this played the decisive role in his political destiny. As soon as Stalin became the organizational party boss, Potemkin was transferred to the diplomatic service. After 1922 he served in Turkey, Greece, Italy and France, where he met Nahum Goldmann.

BUT ALL THIS is not enough to solve Goldmann's riddle. We have already referred to Potemkin's close association with Maxim Gorky from 1901 onwards. Gorky was not only a committed Jewish supporter but also a committed pro-Zionist. He made his first pro-Zionist statement in 1902.

One must bear in mind that Gorky was not only a famous writer, he was also an active Bolshevik supporter from 1905 onwards. He had a very strong political influence on Bolsheviks. In spite of his conflict with Lenin during the revolution and his self-imposed emigration, after he returned to Russia in 1928 he was a most influential Soviet personality and remained Stalin's confidant until his death in 1936. After 1928 and possibly even before that, Gorky was the unofficial boss of Soviet culture which was formulated according to his opinions and tastes.

In view of his personal influence, Gorky could be regarded as one of the founding fathers of the Soviet system, next to Lenin and Stalin.

In 1916, on the eve of the revolution, Gorky published an enthusiastic article on Bialik in a Jewish weekly and thereafter remained his ardent admirer. Gorky tried lobbying for the Zionist cause after the Bolshevik revolution but could not persuade Lenin to change his negative attitude to Zionism.

Lenin could not accept Zionism because it diverted Jews from Moscow-based revolutionary activity. He badly needed Jews both as a mobilizing force inside the country and in the international network which facilitated the world advance of communism. Zionism was therefore regarded by him as a most harmful national deviation. Moreover, after the Balfour Declaration, Zionism came to be considered an English political lobby, while England was regarded as the Number One enemy of Soviet Russia.

AFTER repeated conflicts with Lenin, Gorky left Russia and settled in Germany and then in Italy. On April 29, 1922, he gave a sensational interview to Sholem Asch on the Jewish problem in Russia which was published in Yiddish in the New York socialist newspaper *Vorwärts*. Among other things, he described the persecution of Hebrew in Soviet Russia as vandalism. He later published an outspoken article in support of the Moscow Hebrew theatre Habimah, which faced constant harassment. He started publishing a literary quarterly, *Beseda*, in which he made a point of raising the Zionist issue. His favourite contributor from Palestine was a Russian-language writer, Abraham Yvotsky. He also published Russian translations of Shaul Tchernichovsky. He made re-

peated efforts to publish Russian translations of Hebrew writers and especially insisted on the book by Reuveni, the brother of the future president of Israel, Yitzhak Ben-Zvi. Berl Katznelson visited him when he was on vacation in Italy in 1930. Gorky expressed his dissatisfaction with the Soviet attacks against Zionism in the wake of the Hebron pogrom. He was also indignant about the anti-Zionist works of such writers as Ilya Ehrenburg and Boris Pilniak.

After Katznelson's visit, Gorky indirectly and in a very sophisticated way publicly hinted that the Soviet attacks against Zionism were unjust. In 1934 he clashed on this issue openly. During the founding congress of the Union of Soviet Writers, which was regarded as a central political event, a Yiddish writer called Bialik a fascist. Gorky, who was the real boss of this congress, protested in his concluding speech that Bialik was a poet of genius. In 1935 he tried again, without success, to publish a volume of Bialik's poetry in Russian.

What is more important for us is that all this time Gorky maintained close relations with Vladimir Potemkin, particularly when Potemkin was the Soviet ambassador to Italy, where Gorky spent a lot of time until 1934. There is an extensive correspondence between Gorky and Potemkin which has not yet been released for publication by the Soviet authorities. Potemkin's message to Goldmann could therefore have been strongly influenced by Gorky. Both Gorky and Potemkin were Stalin's confidants and it seems likely that Potemkin intervened only after consulting with Stalin. It was too heretical an opinion to be expressed by a very disciplined Soviet diplomat without at least some hint of approval by Stalin.

BUT GORKY and Potemkin were not alone in their support of Zionism. The first Soviet minister of education, Anatoly Lunacharsky, who was Gorky's close friend before the revolution, made several statements in support of Hebrew culture. He was one of the main supporters of Habimah. Lunacharsky was backed by such leading Soviet artists as Konstantin Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko.

George Tchitcherine, who was Soviet foreign minister until 1930, was remarkably more moderate towards Zionism than many of his colleagues. In an interview with Jewish journalists in June 1922 he said that Soviet Russia had nothing against Zionism in principle but only against anti-Soviet trends among Zionists. When asked about the possibility of Jewish emigration to Palestine, he said that emigration to the U.S. was free, but that the problem of immigration to Palestine must be investigated. At the same time his Jewish deputy Adolf Joffe plainly rejected any right to emigrate, declaring that every young man capable of work was badly needed in Russia.

Later, Tchitcherine stated that the Soviet attitude to Palestine would be determined by the Soviet attitude to Britain. In December 1922 Tchitcherine told Jewish journalists that he had been in contact with many Zionists during his life in London before the revolution, but mainly in Zionist-socialist circles. He had opposed, at that time, the idea of the Jewish legion and on that score had clashed with Jabotinsky. In the same interview he said that the Soviet government still did not have a clear position on the Zionist issue.

In a conversation with Albert Einstein in 1925 Tchitcherine tried to be as evasive as possible on the

Zionist issue. The real frontal attack against Zionism, however, got under way after Tchitcherine left office and retired in 1930. There was a short-lived thaw in Soviet Yishuv relations which started understandably enough in 1923, when Lenin was out of action through illness. At that time the Soviet authorities extended an invitation to David Ben-Gurion to visit Russia and permitted him to open a Palestinian section in the International Agricultural Exhibition. Ben-Gurion met Alexey Rykov, who was the Soviet prime minister from 1924 to 1930, and other Soviet officials.

The Soviet government tried to establish trade relations with Palestine but probably met British resistance. The Soviet Foreign Trade Minister Leonid Krastin complained in 1925 that Britain did not permit Soviet-Palestinian trade relations. In 1925 Levi Eshkol and David Remez participated in the International Moscow Consumer Cooperation Congress.

In 1928 all Zionist activity was crudely and brutally suppressed in Russia. Violent public attacks were also waged against Zionism. The venomous manner in which *Pravda* openly and demonstratively approved Jewish pogroms in Palestine at the end of 1929 and at the beginning of 1930 sometimes exceeded the malice of Soviet anti-Zionist propaganda of the Seventies and Eighties.

What happened? First of all, Soviet repression of Zionism must be regarded mostly as a Soviet internal issue. Two left-wing Zionist organizations which survived until 1928 were probably the only non-communist organizations left in the USSR. It was impossible that at the height of the Soviet anti-religious terror, at the height of the new attack against local nationalism like that of the Ukrainians and Byelorussians, Zionism would be the only privileged nationalism, even though it was oriented abroad while the Ukrainian and Byelorussian nationalisms were internally oriented. Even the horrible Evseksia (the Jewish section of the Communist Party) was soon dissolved.

But attacks against the Yishuv in Palestine might be explained differently. It was still an enterprise of Jewish communists — exactly what Potemkin meant in his message to Goldmann. But whom did he have in mind? Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev (who, incidentally, was not an anti-Zionist) and many other Jewish communists were out of power. Nevertheless there were several Jews who exercised an important influence on Stalin: the powerful Politburo member Lazar Kaganovich, and Stalin's personal secretary who then became *Pravda* editor, Lev Mekhlis; Maxim Litvinov, who became the Soviet foreign minister in 1930; and Karl Radek who was a close adviser of Stalin until his arrest in 1936.

We don't have any recorded personal statements by Mekhlis on Zionism except his violent attacks against it in *Pravda*. But he had a vested interest in being a violent anti-Zionist. Indeed, this pillar of Stalinism had been in the past a Zionist himself. According to his official biography he was a member of Poalei Zion in 1907-1910, and even later than this he belonged to left-wing Zionism. (According to Professor Mikhail Zand, Mekhlis was a member of the so-called Jewish Communist Party until 1920.) He could survive, therefore, only by being an arch anti-Zionist.

If Potemkin was right, the last influential Jewish Bolsheviks who could have had a vested interest in anti-Zionism were without serious

political influence by that time. It was the natural result of the growing Soviet anti-Semitism which victimized even such people as Mekhlis and Kaganovich.

At the same time, the opposite — pro-Zionist — trend surfaced. This trend was by no means philo-Semitic or sentimental. It only took a pragmatic approach to Zionism, looking for Soviet political benefits. But at least pragmatic pro-Zionists could now afford such a position. A most intriguing question is the role played then by Andrei Gromyko. Was he simply a blind operative who strictly followed instructions from above, or did he contribute personally to the recognition of the State of Israel by his own initiative as an ambitious politician?

There is no doubt that Gromyko played a very important role in this operation. As the head of the U.S. department of the Soviet Foreign Ministry in 1939 and the Soviet ambassador in the U.S. from 1943, he must have been aware of the political importance of the Yishuv among the American Jews. Indeed, he had several discreet meetings with Nahum Goldmann after 1943. Gromyko was appointed by Stalin as his adviser in Yalta and Potsdam and by 1946 he was already a deputy foreign minister.

If one can judge from the Soviet apologetic literature being published in the USSR, Gromyko initiated many important political openings through his advice to Stalin and was regarded as a rising Soviet star. It is highly probable that Stalin, who from power considerations did not like to initiate anything himself lest failure disprove his infallibility, got the idea of supporting Zionism from Gromyko, who linked his name with this political enterprise in his famous speech. The very fact that Gromyko was the first in the USSR to verbalize the Soviet support of Zionism speaks strongly for his personal involvement in this issue.

WAS THERE a close association between Potemkin and Gromyko? When Gromyko was appointed to the Foreign Ministry, Potemkin was still its powerful first deputy minister. Thus Potemkin had to be personally involved in this appointment. They worked together for about a year and had many opportunities to exchange views. It is certainly possible that Gromyko was introduced to the pro-Zionist trend by Potemkin. Furthermore, it is highly unlikely that Stalin could neglect Potemkin's Jewish expertise even after Potemkin moved to the Ministry of Education. Stalin himself repeatedly expressed his sympathy with the Zionist cause during the war in conversation with Western politicians.

It is of interest to note that the memory of the almost forgotten Potemkin was revived only in 1973, when Gromyko became a full Politburo member. It was then that the first biography of Potemkin was published under the auspices of the Soviet Foreign Ministry. This biography did not conceal his Hebrew expertise nor the fact that he had printed his articles in Zionist publications before the revolution.

It seems that Gromyko was personally interested in the revival of Potemkin's memory in order to re-establish again the legitimacy of his political past. Only from this point of view can one understand the obscure attempts in Soviet anti-Zionist literature to ease doubts on the Soviet recognition of Israel in 1947-1948, which constitute an indirect attack against Gromyko as the person who was involved in this decision.

This paper was prepared for the study-day on "Requiting the Zionism equals Reaction Equation," which will take place at the President's Residence on November 11.



Poland under German occupation, 1941 — Jews forced to wear the yellow star.

German film archivist Bengt von zur Muehlen (below) talks to the Post's Ernie Meyer about his collection of footage on Jewish life in Europe. The photographs are stills from his gift to Israel of 50 hours of film.

HISTORY ON FILM

HOW DOES A GERMAN businessman get stuck with paying the bill for bringing 22 high school pupils here for a two-week tour? The story is as fascinating as the man behind it. Berlin film archivist and producer Bengt von zur Muehlen.

The lucky youngsters Von zur Muehlen brought here were the winners of a question-and-answer contest based on one of his films, and the trip was timed to coincide with their autumn school vacation.

Highlights of the tour were the group's meeting with President Chaim Herzog and the presentation of a gift of cassettes containing 50 hours of film on Jewish life in Europe — with special emphasis on the Nazi period — to seven institutions (reported in *The Jerusalem Post* on October 25).

Bengt von zur Muehlen was born in 1932 into the ethnic German nobility living in Estonia. His family had been rich landowners in the Baltic countries for some 700 years.

"My mother tongue was German, although we also spoke Russian, since my father had been an officer in the Czarist army during the Russo-Japanese war in 1905," he told me during an interview.

During World War II, the family lost its estates and moved to German-occupied Poland, where Bengt, then nine, had his first experience of seeing Jewish children starving and persecuted.

"Next to our farm was a work camp with Jewish prisoners. We were only allowed to give them food if it was spoiled. But my father got around this SS prohibition and provided some fresh supplies. This early experience formed the basis for my understanding of human suffering, although at that time I did not distinguish between Jews and Poles," he said.

Jewish suffering was further brought home to the young Bengt



when his family fled westwards with the approaching defeat of the Germans. In their horse-drawn wagon, the Von zur Muehlens overtook long lines of Auschwitz prisoners being herded on a death march towards Germany. "These experiences anchored my interest in Jewish fate," he said. "You see, I have a feeling for minorities; I'm a Baltic, I understand Jews."

AFTER THE WAR Bengt continued his education in Berlin until 1952 when he moved to Canada, where he studied economics at the University of London, Ontario. He supported himself by giving tennis lessons and doing all kinds of jobs, sometimes putting in as much as 100 hours a week all told. A brilliant student, he was offered graduate scholarships by Harvard and Yale, but chose to continue his studies at Columbia University. At the age of 25 he became a lecturer at Hofstra College in Long Island.

"My research work took me to army and navy archives, and this gave me an insight into their functioning," Von zur Muehlen said. In 1961, while still teaching at Hofstra, he started the Chronos film library in West Berlin, relying on a manager to run the business. "I

almost went bankrupt, and to prevent this I produced a film about the Berlin blockade called *Test for the West*. The U.S. Army took over the film, which was subsequently translated into 18 languages, including Hebrew.

In 1967 Von zur Muehlen went back to live in Germany, where he married. He told his wife Irmgard, a high school teacher of art history: "You look after the family, while I collect films." He owes much of his success to his wife, he stressed; it was her salary that supported the family of five in those years.

"I couldn't afford to buy many films," he continued, "but I started to trade, especially with archives in Eastern Bloc countries. That's how I began to build up my collection."

Explaining his near-obsession with collecting documentaries, von zur Muehlen said: "I can't appreciate music or art, I feel nothing; but I have an excellent visual memory. My profession is collecting. I'm not a director or scriptwriter; I have to collect entire films. My colleagues do the other work."

CHRONOS-FILMS has a permanent staff of 10. It has put together about 300 documentaries, mostly for television, as well as videos, and some cinema documentaries. Some of the early titles deal with the working man in Prussia 1871-1918; Kaiser Wilhelm II; the history of Berlin, and German artists, including Adolf von Menzel and Zille and Max Liebermann. Later films deal with the Weimer Republic; the battle for Berlin by the Russians; the trial following the attempt on Hitler's life on July 22, 1944, and the Nuremberg war criminal trials.

For many of these films, von zur Muehlen used hitherto unused material he had unearthed from archives scattered all over the world. His

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specialty is taking uncut material and culling from it scenes that throw fresh light on a subject.

In 1979 his wife also began producing films, starting with the documentary about Max Lieberman.

"I have what is probably the world's most complete collection of films on the Olympic Games, dating back to 1900," Von zur Muehlen said. "I profited from the Los Angeles Games, when TV stations used a lot of historical background material. This part of my collection is financially successful, in contrast to my Jewish collection," he said. Another profitable section of the Chronos archives is the one on the history of soccer. "My film *One Hundred Years of Soccer* sold to 50 countries and in general my sports archives make money. I also have the clippings of a soccer game between Israel and Russia in 1950," he added.

The late shah of Iran commissioned him to collect all existing material on his rule and his marriages, which was then made into a half-hour film. "I also helped to build up the Teheran national film archives," he said.

According to Von zur Muehlen, Chronos is the biggest historical film archive in Europe today. "I've bought up a number of collections and have no competition now," he declares claiming West German Bundespräsident Richard von Weizsäcker and Bavarian Prime Minister Franz Joseph Strauss among his fans.

OFFICIALS AND EDUCATORS were very cooperative when Von zur Muehlen launched his school contest last year. He thinks that with more time and money he could have reached about 100,000 pupils, instead of the 30,000 who answered the questionnaire made available through their schools.

The youngsters were asked to answer 10 questions based on the Chronos film *The Yellow Star*, which documents the persecution of the Jews under the Nazis. A sample of the questions: name authors whose works were banned by the Nazis; explain what happened on November 10, 1938, *Kristallnacht* (the night of broken glass); when and where was the "final solution" of the Jewish problem agreed on?; what were the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws; comment on the reasons leading to the Warsaw ghetto revolt; how many Jews were killed between 1933 and 1945 in Germany and in German-occupied territories?

A panel of eight educators, historians and journalists judged the entries.

When I asked Von zur Muehlen who covered the cost of the trips, he blushed slightly and answered: "I'm ashamed to say - I did," adding that his firm would have to take bank loans or that he might even have to sell a part of his collection to pay for all the expenses.

"You see, I think that the Nazi period is not taught enough in our schools. My film *The Yellow Star* forces pupils to think. My attitude is summed up in the statement that 'We were witnesses, even if we were not actively involved.'"

The visitor is filming various encounters his prize-winners had with Israeli youth and he hopes the results will have wide circulation in Germany. "I will have to use all my influence to impose it on my TV customers," he smiled. The film is being produced by Irmgard von zur Muehlen and Christiane Schuetz, daughter of the former German ambassador here, Klaus Schuetz.



Russian Yiddish actor Shlomo Mikhoels playing King Lear in the 1930s.

Christiane, who studied at the Hebrew University, is writing her Ph.D. thesis at Bonn University on German building activity in Jerusalem 1840-1914.

The two women led the group, which also included two of the Von zur Muehlen children, Alexandra, 15, and Konstantin, 13.

THE FIVE ORIGINAL recipients of all or part of the cassette gift collection were Yad Vashem, the Beth Hatefutsot Diaspora Museum in Tel Aviv, the Ghetto Fighters House, the Jerusalem Cinematheque film archives and Israel Television. While here, Von zur Muehlen also decided to include the Hebrew University and the Leo Baeck Institute.

An excellent sampling of the en-

tire collection is offered by a half-hour film containing scenes culled from all the films. There are scenes from Jewish schools in Russia in the 1920s films; a Yiddish theatre in Poland playing *King Lear*; Leo Trotzky in exile; scenes from the Cracow ghetto; road building by prisoners near Auschwitz; mass executions in Lithuania; the Reichstag arson trial and memorial ceremonies for Von Rath, 1938 (*Kristallnacht*). A rare documentary shows the trial of French resistance fighters before a German military tribunal in Paris, 1942. And then there are shots taken by the Germans themselves and later by the liberating Allies of many concentration camps.

The Russians did not film the camps they liberated, Von zur Muehlen explained. "They were not

interested in publicizing the suffering of others, apart from themselves."

A large segment of the collection deals with German films of Theresienstadt. But the film entitled *The Fuehrer Gives the Jews a Town* proved too realistic and all prints of it were destroyed. A rare early film deals with Jewish life in Eretz Yisrael before the British mandate.

Most of the films are uncut and unedited. Some are silent; others have a sound track. Chronos-Film only dated them and placed them in context.

I asked Von zur Muehlen about the monetary value of his gift. He hesitated. "Look," he said, "if I sell one minute playing time of one of my films to a TV network I get \$500; if

the sale is worldwide, this rises to \$1,000. Now I've given 50 hours of film, so the value is about \$1 million. The recipients may use the material in Israel or in the country's interest. I will not sue them if they rent it out. I still retain the rights. My idea is not to commercialize this subject matter."

The story really started in 1965, on Von zur Muehlen's first visit here. At Yad Vashem he met the head of its information department, Binyamin Arnon, who suggested bringing the collection here. Over the years the two men kept in contact and the current visit is the result.

"It's the lesson of these films that matters to me," Von zur Muehlen said. "Since more people will come to you to see them, this serves my purpose."



(Above left) Jews wearing yellow star at forced labour in Poland. (Above right) Children show their tattooed numbers at Auschwitz after liberation. (Below left) Theresienstadt inmates in Nazi propaganda film, 1944. (Below right) Victims piled up in a wood stack at a Nazi death camp.



THE ALLIES had declared that the 1939-45 conflict was a war to end all wars. Jews believed this, and later were tricked in too many ways. As soon as the fighting had ended, and the truth about the Holocaust and other war-crimes had been established, Allied secret services, the International Red Cross, the Vatican and other powerful bodies came to the rescue of the worst Nazi criminals. Assurances that justice would prevail, and horror at the magnitude of Nazi crimes, were eroded by the fear of a Soviet encroachment in Europe. Many wanted war-crimeals became secret allies whose favours were sought by powerful bodies foolishly competing with one another.

The Nuremberg trials, and the short-lived policy of non-fraternization, soon provided a screen for clandestine activities vigorously pursued. The East-West confrontation, the subsequent Cold War, and the Soviet domination of East Europe, provided enough justification for the recruiting of suspected mass-murderers by Allied intelligence services.

It is true that the British established a special intelligence unit which quietly eliminated, one after another, all those German involved in the murder of British POWs. And the French disposed of many Nazis. But American army commanders in Occupied Germany were firmly convinced that liberated France was dominated by Communists, and they were unwilling to surrender any Nazi criminal to the French.

This was the general background which ensured the survival, and the protection by the American intelligence services, of Klaus Barbie, the Butcher of Lyons. The Americans used him for a number of years. As a reward for his services, and despite full knowledge of his identity, and of the fact that he was on a list of wanted Nazi war criminals, the U.S. Army provided him with false papers, put him on the notorious Rat Route, and sent him off, together with his family and \$8,000, to South America. The French were looking for Barbie, but they were fobbed off by their American allies.

A GROUP of leading journalists, which includes Magnus Linklater, the managing editor of the *Observer*, Isabel Hilton, the Latin American correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, and Neal Ascherson, an *Observer* correspondent, have now provided a detailed study of Klaus Barbie, whose career spanned two generations of Nazi history, and whose activities encouraged the spread of terrorism in Latin America and in Europe today. These writers were assisted by three *Sunday Times* correspondents - John Swain, in Paris, Mark Hosenball, in Washington, and Tana de Zulueta, in Rome. It is a remarkable feat for so many writers to have produced a unified, documented and well-written account of such a complex subject.

There can be little doubt that their aim was to expose the concealed structure of Barbie's Fourth Reich, the Nazi Empire in South America.

The list of acknowledgements, and of sources for this feat of research spread over many lands, is too long to be quoted here. Many public figures, former officers, and members of the Resistance offered their testimony. The U.S. Army supplied massive documentation. The U.S. Justice Department, U.S. Counter-Intelligence and the CIA cooperated in full, and did not deny their initial responsibility for Barbie's escape. The Americans had learned the hard way that neo-

Nazism and international terrorism

The rat route



THE FOURTH REICH: Klaus Barbie and the Neo-Fascist Connection by Magnus Linklater, Isabel Hilton and Neal Ascherson with Mark Hosenball, John Swain and Tana de Zulueta. London, Hodder and Stoughton. 341 pp. £9.95.

Alexander Zvielli

are one, and represent a direct threat to Western stability. The same however, could not be said of the British. The Foreign Office, which owns 32 pages of official documents about Barbie, deliberated for six months, and then announced that it would not release them because publication of facts about events which occurred in 1946 might endanger national security.

In Washington, the authors worked closely with the ABC TV network. In Paris they were greatly helped by Serge and Beate Klarsfeld, whose patient and dangerous work in locating, and then identifying, Klaus Barbie in Bolivia led to his extradition or rather deportation to face a war crimes trial in France. Simon Wiesenthal in Vienna, and other Nazi hunters, were consulted. No incident in Barbie's life, however small, was left unresearched. The resulting book therefore, is more than a simple indictment. It is a true picture of the period that began with the rise of Nazism, and concludes with a structural analysis of contemporary South American regimes. It provides also an honest study of the roots of international terrorism today.

KLAUS BARBIE was born on October 25, 1913 near the ancient German city of Trier. He was the son of schoolteachers, and it appears that he was badly beaten in his youth by his alcoholic father, who was known to have treated his pupils with a savagery that made even the thick-skinned local farmers uneasy. These beatings may partly explain the future Barbie's cowardice and sadism. He played cat and mouse with his victims, adroitly dissembled sympathy, then switched to moods of utmost savagery. He clearly enjoyed the sufferings of his victims.

Barbie was just the type the Nazis

Altmann, an identity he had borrowed from the real Altmann, the Chief Rabbi of Trier, whom he had sent to Auschwitz. This choice of name was a savage joke. A similar joke was perpetrated by "Altmann", or Barbie, in 1968 when he visited France, and laid a wreath on the tomb of Jean Moulin, the French hero of the Resistance whom he had killed with his own hands.

It was another of Barbie's black jokes to work in Bolivia for a Jewish saw-mill owner. He soon became a very wealthy man, an exporter to Germany of tree bark for the manufacture of quinine. As soon as he had established his independence he resumed his old profession.

FOR IN SOUTH AMERICA in general, and in Bolivia in particular, Barbie found a kind of objective correlative for his secret desires. Some Nazis who had settled there chose to live inconspicuously. Not Barbie, however. Naked power, and the opportunity to spy on and persecute others, was more important than becoming rich.

He realized his potential in a continent plagued by incompetent and frequently changing fascist regimes. Barbie offered his services to the Bolivian regime, and soon proved his worth. He mobilized private armies of thugs ready to plunder or kill for the government. Anti-communism provided an excellent cover for neo-Nazi and fascist activities, which included spying on the population, strike-breaking, intimidation of trade unions and of innocent persons. The Bolivian Government soon found his services indispensable.

Barbie founded the landlocked Bolivia's Transmaritima. This merchant fleet occasioned a financial disaster for the country. However, Barbie was able to fill his pockets with precious foreign currency, which he then sold on the black market. He and other local Germans created for themselves in South America a kind of Fourth Reich, a tightly-organized national and neo-Nazi financial, political and military empire.

Barbie built up, for himself and his colleagues, a lucrative arms business. He and his Mafia sold planes, tanks, armoured vehicles and guns to South American dictators. Ironically enough, he sold Belgian and Swiss arms to Israel, also.

In 1967, Israel faced an arms embargo. It therefore approached Bolivia's ambassador to Spain, Alfredo Alexander, and proposed a three-ways arms deal whereby a consignment of Belgian and Swiss arms, bound for Bolivia, was diverted on the high seas to Israel. The company involved in transporting them was Transmaritima, and Barbie and other Bolivian military men received their commissions.

The German Mafia would sell military secrets of one South American state to another, and make millions on the deal. Underground groups were sold arms, and then denounced to the police. Barbie employed a variety of Nazi devices in the acquisition of influence, money and political power. He travelled around Bolivia, teaching torture and interrogation methods to the police.

Barbie reached his peak when he engineered the Bolivian coup d'état of 1980. On this occasion right-wing Italian terrorists, guilty of unusual crimes including the bombing of the Bologna railway station, joined forces with him. On July 17, 1980 they helped him to install Garcia Meza in the presidency and Arce Gomez in the Ministry of the Interior. Barbie became an honorary lieutenant-colonel in the Bolivian

army. "For the first time in history," a U.S. official commented, "the cocaine trade had bought itself a government." The official was right, for Barbie was by then a most successful drug dealer. He was provided also with an office at the airport, where he was able to screen all immigrants and visitors to Bolivia.

The Western democracies realized finally that South American neo-Nazism endangered freedom no less than communism did. Fascism and terrorism provided a suitable screen for thugs with resonant slogans freely pursuing their entirely criminal activities, making enormous profits, and declaring their total contempt for the human race. Armed gangs roaming Bolivia considered Barbie their teacher and spiritual leader. They became a heavy national burden.

Then, in September 1981, Celso Torrello was elected president and, in December 1982, Barbie's contract as an adviser to the government was terminated.

The American ambassador, Edwin Corr, helped Bolivia regain some measure of sanity. Italy kidnapped and eliminated terrorists hiding in Bolivia who were guilty of worse crimes in their own country. The succeeding Bolivian president, Siles Zuzazo, decided to rid the country of Barbie, though this was easier said than done.

In May 1982, the West German government had asked for Barbie's extradition. They wanted him for the murder of Joseph Kemmler, a Resistance leader Barbie had beaten to death. This request, like many others, already submitted, was again blocked by the Bolivian Supreme Court. But this time the American government supported the request. And Siles Zuzazo was by then resolved that Barbie had to be removed from Bolivia.

It seems ironic that Barbie fell into a trap, and was arrested not for his crimes, but for failure to pay an old debt. This non-payment was used by the new Minister of Interior as a pretext to keep him in prison while the entire Bolivian cabinet voted for his expulsion. *The Fourth Reich* provides an almost day-by-day account of the enormous pressure required to remove Barbie from Bolivia. It may well be that the pressure worked because Barbie was not his old self. He aged after his son Klaus killed himself in his hang-glider, and the death of his wife.

IT IS EXPECTED that Barbie's trial will be long and tortuous. One of his lawyers, Maître Jacques Verges, who specializes in defending terrorists, will raise many legal difficulties. Verges, who allegedly spent several years training PLO men in Lebanon, will ask questions about the legality of the court proceedings which will be difficult to answer. Many witnesses will be considered unreliable, for they saw Barbie only for a few minutes some 40 years ago. Moreover, most of the possible witnesses are dead. Few of Barbie's victims survived.

Serge Klarsfeld seems to voice a general feeling when he declares that he does not particularly care what happens now to Barbie. It is of no great importance to him whether Barbie is found guilty or acquitted. His point is that justice has at last caught up with Barbie, and that he is behind bars for what he did 40 years ago in France.

Barbie may be as good as dead, but others, like the Belgian quising Degrelle, and Mengele, are still alive. The Barbie case has exposed to the world the criminal features of neo-Nazism and international terrorism.

Never a dull day



Israeli psychic Uri Geller is predicting a "great event" in Israel within three months, but he won't yet specify what it will be. Abolition of all taxes? The Olympic Games for Tel Aviv? Telephones that work?

Such prognostication is not all that prophetic for, in Israel, major news stories break just about daily. We've seen it all - miracles, plagues, a 40-day flood, the sea part in two, a bush burn, a price freeze...

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A stuffed symbol

INITIALLY, *Flaubert's Parrot* seems to be the story of an English doctor, Geoffrey Braithwaite, motivated by an obsession with Flaubert to search for the original stuffed parrot that served as model for Félicité's pet in *Un Coeur simple*. Braithwaite recognizes that his quest for a relic is peculiar, perhaps even irrelevant to his appreciation and enjoyment of Flaubert's writing. The question broadens and Braithwaite wonders, "Why does the writing make us chase the writer? ... Don't we believe the words enough?"

Barnes (or is it Braithwaite?) then presents details of Flaubert's life. He offers not one but several chronologies, conflicting in viewpoint so that the reader is left uncertain as to which is the "true" version - a cubist portrait in words. Can there be a single, true portrait?

The narrative progresses, snippets of Braithwaite's life creep in, the book effectively becoming both biography and autobiography. Parallels emerge between Geoffrey Braithwaite and Charles in *Madame Bovary* - is one the mirror image of the other? Later we learn that Braithwaite's wife Ellen, like Emma Bovary, was unsatisfied in marriage; her death by suicide echoes that of Flaubert's heroine. Ironically, Braithwaite recognizes this parallel too late; he had never really understood his wife and cannot come to terms with her death.

"Ellen. My wife: someone I understand less well than a foreign writer dead for a hundred years

FLAUBERT'S PARROT by Julian Barnes. London, Jonathan Cape. 190 pp. £8.50.

Sarah Manson

...Books say: she did this because. Life says: she did this."

This pattern, or parroting, of unsatisfied love is reinforced by Louise Colet - Flaubert's mistress - who tells us that Flaubert never knew how to love her, was always too intellectual, too pensive.

Flaubert's life seems to be crisscrossed by uncanny coincidences, and often at times seems to imitate or parody his writing, suggesting a confusion between life and art.

But before the reader or reviewer can settle down to a cosy analysis of any of these similarities, Braithwaite launches into an attack on literary devices.

"And as for coincidences in books - there's something cheap and sentimental... One way of legitimising coincidences, of course, is to call them ironies. That's what smart people do." Touché.

Braithwaite never formally introduces himself to the reader, rather the details of his life emerge teasingly.

"I hope you don't think I'm being enigmatic... Mystification is simple; clarity is the hardest thing of all... you trust the mystifier more if you know he's deliberately chosen not to be lucid."

DO WE trust Barnes? Is he laughing at our expense? Certainly nothing escapes his lampooning, neither literary critics, nor self-conscious modern novels... like *Flaubert's Parrot*. So perhaps the joke is on Barnes, and therein lies his humanity.

But again, as the reader begins to anticipate the particular sense of unexpected, the author plays another card. He sets an examination paper on Flaubert, basing his questions on ideas discussed earlier in the book: a superb parody of literary criticism.

So we return to our parrot. Is he the bird in *Un Coeur simple*, the stuffed creature in the museum, a symbol for the tiny coincidences or leitmotifs that pepper the book, for the grotesque in life, a metaphor for Geoffrey and Ellen Braithwaite as reworkings of Charles and Emma Bovary, or indeed for Julian Barnes echoing Flaubert's writing? Perhaps he is a symbol of the writer whose tools are so desperately inadequate, as Flaubert explained: "Language is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, while all the time we long to move the stars to pity." Or maybe Julian Barnes would have us believe he is the critic, striving to capture the essence of the book but merely parroting what the author himself can say better: those who can, write; those who can't, write reviews.

To paraphrase Braithwaite's comments on *Un Coeur simple*, whether you call it a tale or a text, a comedy or a tragedy, a book about truth, love, reality, irony, memory, contemporary writing and criticism, Flaubert, parrots, bears, or the colour of recurred jam, *Flaubert's Parrot* echoes on in the brain.

pacifists," he is also "the Israeli strong man who struts around in a safari jacket and boots... the screecher who holds rallies in front of the Knesset and in the stadiums telling everyone there'll be a blood-bath in Judea and Samaria if the children of Abraham are denied." He is "a sabra tolerated by the European Jews because he is a brilliant soldier... They never know when they might need him in the field."

Abrahms is also the joker in the pack, the one who slips up the most. Reading this, some people might think that Arik is involved in the wrong lawsuit.

At that time HGW and his wife had come to a perfect (for him, certainly) *modus vivendi* in which a brisk succession of his light-hearted liaisons was accommodated without disturbing the stability of marriage. Soon after the meeting, Rebecca West was urging a grand amour on Wells, something in the nature of a chapter from her favourite novelist, Dostoevsky. Wells agreed, on what he thought were his own terms. And

WE CALL IT "protektzia." The Russians call it "blat." The British call it the "old boy network." The phenomenon attracts the muted approval of those who employ it successfully, and the loud condemnation of those who believe it rewards the undeserving.

Journalist and crime novelist Tim Heald was inspired to examine the role played by connections and influence in Britain when Russian spy Anthony Blunt admitted that he had been recruited to MI5 through the old boy network. This book is the product of Heald's researches. Informative and anecdotal, it reveals that networks are much more complex phenomena than they appear at first sight, often overlapping and existing for the potential benefit of everyone.

Traditional sources of "pull" are not as strong as they used to be. The old school tie is scarcely a handicap, but a university degree, particularly from Oxford or Cambridge, is now considered essential in order to be considered eligible for a top job. The best-connected public schoolboy is unlikely to progress without displaying some intelligence, and Oxbridge now goes out of its way to attract able students from the state school

ADULT EDUCATION by Annette Williams Jaffee. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 230 pp. £2.50.

Adult Education launches Jewish Rebecca on a maidenhead voyage of discovery that all men are either simps or lousers. Growing up means discarding Gerry-the-husband professor, Larry-the-mattress maker, Chuck-the-Chinese food empuce, and John-the-TV anchorman.

Such is the climactic moment of truth (with swinging Sven). "With Sven, Becca realizes that Ulli has been her great love, her grand passion, the romantic gesture she has searched her life for."

But Ulli operatically kicks off from a brain tumour. None too soon: not only was their flat chatter set off by countless "Oh, Ulli..." and "Ah, Becca..." exchanges, but now the radiance of their love need never have cause to dim.

HAIM CHERTOK

IN 1934 H.G. Wells saw the superpowers of the world edge towards positions of totalitarianism. Energetic, practical as ever, he wanted to investigate: "I took it into my head to see and compare President Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin." Within a short space of time the leaders of America and Russia had made themselves available for his interviews. This event marked the climax of a remarkable career.

Herbert George Wells was born to working class parents in provincial obscurity in 1866, in the heyday of Victorian England. He moved with and ahead of his times into fields of thought that, more than a century later, still seem incredibly modern. In his own person he lived "the thrilling experience of the opening up of the modern mind."

Wells's scope, energy, achievements, famous friends and foes would provide fascinating raw material for the driest of biographers. Narrated by his son, who has had unique access to much of the Wells archives, notebooks and diaries, and personal connections with some of the key personalities in Wells's life, the result is an irresistible biography.

ANTHONY WEST can be said to owe his existence to a book review. The pen name of Rebecca West (an Ibsen heroine) appealed to Cicily Isabel Fairfield's sense of theatrical intensity. After a couple of years studying drama, this young Scots girl, new to the London scene, was substituting literary ambitions for dramatic ones, and making her debut in the radical feminist paper of the day: *The Freewoman*. In 1913 HGW's latest novel *Marriage* (ironically enough) fell into her hands, and she slated it. The lively, biting style for which she was soon to become well-known aroused his curiosity, and the Welleses invited her down to their country home for a week-end.

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Pauline Kael's "Taking It All In" (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$25) is the seventh collection of her movie reviews from "The New Yorker." Kael, a critic of exceptional sensibility, covers 150 films that appeared from 1980-83. In an essay, "Why are movies so bad?" she claims that pre-production sales to TV networks make rotten pictures profitable without having to please moviegoers. Yet, looking back, she confesses "it was a shock to discover how many good ones there were." A.B.

Strange relations

H.G. WELLS: ASPECTS OF A LIFE by Anthony West. New York, Random House. 405 pp. \$22.95.

A TRAIN OF POWDER by Rebecca West. London, Virago. 332 pp. £4.50.

Aloma Halter

so began the stormy, unsatisfactory and emotionally imbalanced relationship between the nineteen-year-old fledgling authoress and the fifty-three year-old HGW, whose name had become a household term by this time. Their affair not only gave rise to the author of the present biography, but also, in the ensuing fifteen years before it petered out, to an avalanche of letters which Rebecca West directed at HGW, alternatively upbraiding him for the liaison which had ruined her life, and demanding that he legitimize it because they "complemented each other" so well.

Despite copious correspondence, the two were more often talking at than to one another, and found it easier to make their point to the

world at large. Hence the interesting phenomenon of two writers who courted and quarrelled with each other through their work. This may explain Rebecca West's abiding preoccupation with justice, crime and punishment that saw her from her acclaimed novel *The Judge* (1922) through to, and beyond, the reporting on the Nuremberg trials of 1946. It does certainly explain some of Wells's more dismal autobiographical novels: a work such as *Secret Places of the Heart* might be inexplicable in terms other than getting things off his chest in the couple's cold war. That each one of Wells's novels is given its setting is one of the real pleasures of Anthony West's biography. At any given point in his life, there is insight into Wells's preoccupations and moods, whether he was writing *The History of Mr. Polly* or *Mankind in the Making*.

IN THIS WISE, outspoken biography, West paints his brilliant father, wars and all. It's a compassionate book that brings the affectionate, self-centred liberal off the page. It shows how the young scientist fell under the spell of Voltaire's and

Diderot's ideas, and wanted in his own work to emulate the French savants, and start on a grand survey of human knowledge, and so determine, like them, how much of the world was known before it could be made into a better place for the majority of people. Wells's love affair with knowledge, with a sane educational revolution, meant more to him, and outlasted, all the countless extramarital affairs of his life.

Neither does West shrink from his father's shortcomings: the lack of tenacity that made him lose ground to the Webbs and to G.B. Shaw in the Fabian crisis, the political naivety that had prompted Winston Churchill to warn him, back in 1900, that since "his chances of getting what he wanted by making a direct appeal to public opinion were small, it was not wise for a man of his views who wished to bring about social reforms to ignore politicians."

West prods at a few Lolly cows: George Bernard Shaw's wheezing and dealing, or Henry James, who "liked to surround himself with toadies, and who consequently was used to having his boots licked, and found my father's sarcasm irritating." The account of his parents' affair isn't allowed to dominate the biography, but is given its place in Wells's life - after the dizzy social and professional ascent, and before the historic journey to the USSR after the Revolution.

SINCE THERE always existed a strong element of rivalry between them (at least on the part of West, who accused HGW of trying to stifle her talent and ambitions out of professional jealousy), it doesn't seem so very unfair to compare them. Her novels did not achieve the breadth of vision, let alone the prophetic heights, that Wells was capable of; but then, she wasn't trying for that. Her interest lay in the psychological development of her subjects; and many people thought that, while HGW's novels tended to be rather flat and one-charactered, hers were better written. As a journalist, Wells undoubtedly had the scoops, yet she had her fair share of interesting assignments. Most of them appear here, in this reprint of *A Train of Powder*, a unique collection of essays that includes reports on the Nuremberg trials, on post-World War II German economic recovery, and on the controversial Marshall

plan in England.

Her Nuremberg essay, "Greenhouse with Cyclamens," soon strays from the courtroom and the 21 Nazis in the dock accused of crimes against humanity, to ramble over the German countryside, into greenhouses and meetings with gardeners, as her keen mind and mapple eye for detail searched for clues as to the whereabouts of the evil genius that had led the German nation astray. She describes the fantastic Walt Disneyesque fairy-tale castle that foreign journalists at the trial occupied, and speculates on the "German passion for over-building" that contributed to the economic ruin of the country, and revealed itself in the "Schloss with its turret windows which were quite useless unless Rapunzel was to let down her hair from them." To her, it spoke volumes about the German imagination: "at once richly fecundated and bound to a primitive fantasy dangerous for civilized adults." This is a typically penetrating aside. She can bring the trial to vivid life, yet there is a sense in which she is revelling in the "drama" of the situation. In the same circumstances, Wells would have directed his writing and energies more towards the future, to a concern with avoiding the recurrence of such a dark phenomenon.

In the personal sphere, Rebecca West's love of mystery, gesture and spontaneity may sometimes have made her a bit hard to take. In life, as in her letters, it led her to saturate material that was already seeped in emotion, and highly charged. But in journalism, and in her prose works such as *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (1942), or *The Meaning of Treason* (1949), she came into her own. The qualities that enriched the cut-and-dried material, and illuminated situations that could have been dull, made her a gifted social journalist. With great economy she can evoke unforgettable images. There is the sketch of post-war Berlin, a ruined city, divided: "There the Germans and the Russian peoples were enlaced in the darkness cast by an absurd political relationship, like snakes sleeping through winter under rock. But they were not sleeping, the entangled coils were sliding back and forth in contact that was an argument. Dumbly they were discussing what government should be, which is to say that they were discussing what life is."

Right connections

OLD BOY NETWORKS: Who We Know And How We Use Them by Tim Heald. New York, Ticknor and Fields. 288 pp. \$16.95.

Ralph Amelan

Isaacs, the gates of British society will open wide for you. Family pull is exercised discreetly as a rule and outright nepotism is rare.

SOME GROUPS exist, partly or wholly, in order to form artificial networks; but their very anxiety to be influential weakens them, and their pretensions to be otherwise are easily exposed. The Rotarians used to stress the importance of ethics. But George Bernard Shaw, who once gave a talk on ethics to a group of them, reported: "I never saw men more astonished in my life." Mansons are currently the centre of a scandal in England because of allegations that Masonic membership has influenced judicial appointments and the bringing of prosecutions. The author regards them as being a relatively weak group with an ageing membership. But the ritual and secrecy with which the Masonic movement surrounds itself leaves it open to influence from those who believe its influence is conspiratorial and malign.

Other networks based on narrow self-interest thrive. Prisoners, homosexuals, feminists, ethnic minorities and football supporters all have their grapevine, connections, and group solidarity. In the criminal world, the "old prison tie" gives status. Women's groups have been making greater efforts to help each other break into male-dominated areas of business and the professions. And as far away as Richmond, Virginia, there are two "traditional" English pubs: one a base for supporters of the Liverpool Football Club and the other a centre for their Merseyside rivals, Everton.

One factor that keeps many networks alive is the negative attitude of outsiders. Children do not even aim for Oxbridge because they think it too posh, and many disgruntled job-seekers mutter about cliques and conspiracies to explain their failure. But networks exist at all levels. Fathers can find jobs for their boys whether they have pull with the chairman of the company or the foreman on the production line. And, as Heald concludes, we all have our own *protektzia* through our friends. If we are sociable, friendly and willing to help others, we will probably receive in return far more

than we give. On that positive attitude, much can be built.

One area with which the author does not deal is the way in which *protektzia* can become outright corruption and bribery. He also fails to detect the animus behind the suggestion of one British Pole, smarting at the popularity of Jews in post-war Britain, that, with the rise of Solidarity and the widespread appeal of the Polish Pope, a Polish Jew should start playing his Polish cards. The idea of trying to establish *protektzia* with someone by slapping him on the back at a cocktail party and saying, "You don't know me, old boy, but I gather your grandfather called my grandfather a dirty, insolent, Christ-killing yid back in Cracow in 1925," is intriguing, but I would rather that someone bigger than me tried it first.

At any rate, Heald must be congratulated on his achievement. I am not referring now to the book, which I much enjoyed, but to his own subtle skill in developing his own *protektzia*. Because he was writing this book he was introduced to the powerful and the influential in many areas of British life. He must now be one of the best-connected journalists in Fleet Street.